

Lights and Shadows

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Lights and Shadows 1975

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Light and Shadows 1975

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH ALABAMA

SECOND PAINTING AWARD
Untitled painting



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University of North Alabama
FLORENCE, ALABAMA

Lou Ellis

Alabama St. College, Florence, Dept. of English

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS 1975

University of North Alabama

Literary and Art Review

This magazine is composed of entries in the 1975 literary and art contests of the English Club and the Association of Art Students. Literature and art are the mirrors of one's culture. Herein are the reflections of students and their views on life, the lights and the shadows.

--The Editors

STAFF

Larry Garland..... literary editor

Dave Davis..... art editor

Advisers..... Mort Smith, Stanley Rosenbaum, Doris Kelso

Front Cover Award
"The Mimsonian"
Dave Davis

Franklin County Times, Russellville, Alabama

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Lights and Shadows

Spring 1975

University of North Alabama



Cheryl Orman

FIRST PLACE: SHORT STORY

THERE IS SINGING IN THE BLUE FOREST

by J. Daniel Byford

Pressed by the wind, Garland numbly rubbed a thin hand across his face. At any moment he expected it to crack and fly from him in shards to the dusty trail behind them. The jeep leaped wildly over a ridge and slammed down hard on its old springs. Next to him, Boresleeve the Peddler laughed with each tight jerk of a deep rut or dip. Garland gripped the rusted roll bar above him, his breathing strained in the frigid evening air. With each violent bounce the loose-jointed jeep seemed doomed to a quick and helpless destruction.

Boresleeve worked savagely at the wheel. Yanking first one way, then another, he directed the careening vehicle across boulder strewn hills towards a vast and thickly wooded peneplain.

An invisible, icy hand tugged at Garland's yellow hair; holding it tightly above and behind his head, wrestling it to furious mats and tangles. He ground his teeth against the driver's antics and did his best to adjust his green eyes to the cold sting of rushing air. He would have voiced his discomfort had he not been sure that his words would be lost in the roar of the engine, or be snatched by the wind. Besides, he detested shouting.

Boresleeve, sensing the other's thoughts, only laughed harder. "Won't be long," he yelled between ruts and drove faster.

Slowly the hills blended, their swells lying lower and lower, as the jeep approached the rough plain. The ruts were not so deep; the boulders not so numerous. Before them lay the beginnings of the Blue Forest and its silence came upon them like the rush of a spring rain. It was no scraggly thrust of wintry fur, nor knotted pine; but an unrestrained unfolding of various varieties, glossed in a calm and shadow-stealing blue. So commanding upon their sight, it was, that they rode transfixed, imprisoned within its turquoise dream.

And so, when Garland first saw her, sitting cross-legged on a tall, slender jut of rock, he presumed it to be only another dark vision. Only when she raised both hands high above her, as if in offering to the sky, did his whole being become aware of her.

"There!" he shouted, stabbing a wild finger towards the figure they approached.

Standing up on the narrow board substituted for a brake pedal, Boresleeve stamped hard. The ancient vehicle nearly

nose-dived, then swapped ends three times, coming to an abrupt and startling halt amidst a haze of red dust and swirling evening colors.

Garland sat fused to his seat, his hands whitening upon the metal bar above him. The Peddler was already climbing from his place behind the wheel and in a moment stood grinning at his passenger in a most despicable manner.

"I knew we would see her!" said Boresleeve and his voice trembled with excitement. "It was the Nymph, Garland!" With that he whirled and dashed across the distance separating them from the broad shoulders of stone that stretched across the edge of the forest as far as the eye could see.

Garland collected himself at last. Leaping from the jeep, he sped after the eager Boresleeve. Scrub brush and an ample amount of thick vines slowed their progress, but at length they stood precariously upon the same expanse of rock which, only moments before, had been habited by the elusive creature. Below them the jeep seemed absurdly small; all but insignificant in the growing dark. The trees loomed upwards to them from the other side, their subtle forms appearing even more mysterious bathed in rock shadow.

Breathing heavily, they stood examining the impenetrable folds of the forest. Boresleeve pointed to a ledge below them which, though frightfully distant to Garland, was attainable.

"What point in pursuing a shadow, Boresleeve? Doubtless the Nymph has fled into the wood and now observes our every move."

"You would be absolutely correct, except for the fact that two days ago I was able to follow her to a grotto, which is but a short way from here. I was collecting plants in the Forest, for they grow here most abundantly, and at once I heard a most strange and remarkable singing. The words were unknown to me, but the melody enslaved me and I sought its source. I came upon her bathing in a brilliant pool set at the entrance of the grotto and the voice which issued from that lovely form was beyond description -- priceless! Ah, pity me -- in my trance I made some errant noise which informed her of my presence. She dived beneath the surface and I saw her no more. Lest I rout her from her home, I thought it better to withdraw and return later with a witness."

"Why did you not tell me all this before?" demanded Garland.

"You Seedeaters are leery folk. Had I added intrigue to curiosity, doubtless you would have stayed home. After dark I intend trapping her in her own cave. Nymphs must hide from the light of the moon, and she will be forced to tell me her secret. Each Nymph has one, as you are well aware."

Boresleeve took a step to continue downward, but Garland reached out and touched his shoulder lightly.

"Listen!" he urged, closing his eyes and straining at the darkness. "What makes that sound?"

The two remained motionless for some time. Garland turned, facing the direction from whence they came. Peering into the darkness he could make out a huge and clumsy conveyance bouncing along the dilapidated road, bearing darkly out of the east. He pointed.

"A bus!" breathed the Peddler. "Who, in all the wide realm of the West Land, is rich enough to operate a bus?"

The question was left to the uneasy wind that slipped across the tall boulder. The two began to scramble down its massive side towards the approaching rumble. The first stars of closing night appeared in the ashen glow of dusk.

With a heavy lurch, the bus ground to a desperate halt. Garland and Boresleeve stood before it gazing at the numerous designs upon its curious hide. Large green stars with black

centers covered it entirely. Here and there a strange looking orb, each of a different hue, stared out bleakly from its black background. Protruding from the roof on a slender rod, emblazoned in a brilliant gold, a huge, crescent moon glowered starkly. Inside, a waning din of clangs and clatters served to mystify the nearby pair even more. Through small, oval windows, paned with real glass, the two beheld a vast array of pots and pans -- some swaying unhindered, others banging noisily into those around them -- suspended from the interior ceiling. There were dozens of them. Had they been in full sway, battling senselessly at one another, the noise would have been deafening.

Presently, the thin doors moved inward and onto the ground stepped a figure robed and hooded in colors exactly the same as those upon the bus. Miniature stars and bright planets seemed to move about upon it in clever disarray.

"I am Rotifera, of Carib," he said bowing low and doffing his hood. "I am called Halfmoon by most and I am seeking knowledge of the Blue Nymph that is said to habit these parts." With a gnarled hand he stroked a greying beard. Upon his dimly visible face Garland could discern a glowing, crescent moon, etched in gold, high on his right cheekbone.

"I have been authorized," he explained, "to pay a handsome fee to anyone who might be of assistance . . ." his voice trailed off into the darkness.

"And who has authorized it?" inquired Boresleeve lowly and with a great deal of courage.

"Why . . . a High Chieftain of Carib, of course, who commands to know her . . . present whereabouts. I must say, people are awfully suspicious in these parts. What say you to a good drink and a warm fire before any further conversation? The chill has reminded me of my manners."

And so an odd dickering began, accompanied with an appropriate amount of spirits, which lasted until the final traces of false dawn had fled beyond the western horizon.

Her voice made the Blue Forest dance. From where they watched, the two could see little of her lithe form as it swam easily in a brilliant, azure pool set near the cave entrance. Grace was a small word for such movements. Mesmerized by the tones of her lilting voice, Garland stared absently towards the unsuspecting bather. Music had never before been so enrapturing; a voice had never been so enthralling. Long strands of golden hair eddied lightly about her, seeming to have life of itself, as she turned and dived in the crystalline fissure. The moment was soft, soothing.

A sharp jab in his ribs brought him to his senses. Boresleeve motioned impatiently for him to initiate their scheme. As quietly as possible he began to work his way down from their vantage point towards the left of the cave's entrance. Boresleeve moved to the right. Over his shoulder Garland carried a light, strong net; in his left hand an ample amount of cord to bind the delicate wrists.

How he had been talked into all this still confused him. Boresleeve was a Peddler and had a slick tongue, but it was not his nature to be moved by mere words. He had been planting the late crop when Boresleeve made one of his infrequent visits. He had thought it was for the usual thing of peddling his rare plants. But then Boresleeve had related the strange sighting of a legendary Nymph of the Blue Forest. It had been Garland's childhood dream -- in fact, it had been everyone's dream -- to see

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this beautiful creature and hear her wondrous voice. And now to put a net over her head? It was most confusing.

What had begun as an innocent desire to see something mysterious had abruptly changed to a serious game of people snatching. After all, however different, the Nymph was still a breathing being. Moreover, he had always mistrusted wizards and this Halfmoon fellow seemed terribly wizardrous. Boresleeve always talked of hard times and keeping seeds in your pouch and such, but couldn't people just listen to the beautiful things around them? Instead, they caged them, or put them in traveling shows. It was all too unfair.

Things usually happen hardest when you expect them least. So, when Garland had at last decided to throw down his net and go back the way he had come, she broke from the deepest shadows and was almost upon him before he could blink. Wrapped in the blanket of his own thoughts, he had never realized that the singing had ended. She was fleeing the noise which Boresleeve made at full speed. Seeing him, she attempted to check her flight and fell headlong, quivering like a wounded bird before the eager jaws of the hunter's dog.

Garland stood immobilized. She was clad in a loose fitting gown which was now torn and soiled. For a moment she lay face down in the thick foliage and he dared not breathe, thinking she had harmed herself. Her long, golden hair lay in swirls about her and her skin was a pale, startling blue. Slowly she picked herself up and Garland stared into the face of the most exquisite creature he had ever seen. She sobbed and fell again upon those delicate features.

"I... I won't harm you... madam," he stammered. He cast his net softly to the ground and dropped the thinly woven cord. "I am sorry... we have frightened you so. It was foolish... and unmanly." Bending down to one knee, he lay a light hand upon her shoulder. At first she tensed, then her body suddenly relaxed and allowed his hand to remain. "Honestly, madam, I only wished to hear the Nymph of the Blue Forest sing," he added, his voice low and gentle.

The sobbing stopped and again she raised her lovely face to his. Garland smiled his best smile into those azure eyes and offered a clean kerchief, kept hidden in a deep pocket.

"This kidnapping business is rather silly anyway," he continued rather matter-of-factly. "My curiosity has gotten the best of me again, I am afraid."

He helped her slowly to her feet. She was light and as airy as early dew.

"I am called Garland, of the Thin Valley," he said mildly. "And your name, milady?"

For a moment she stood staring deeply into his eyes -- and further. He felt as though it was the first moment, of the first day, of the first spring ever seen upon the face of the world. He felt as though time were flowing away; as though it licked about him, but left him fresh, unmarked. He was gliding upon softly rustling leaves that moved about him.

She bent down and picked a small flower growing at her feet. It was a moment before Garland could realize that she offered it to him.

But then a rush of approaching footsteps broke the spell. Boresleeve cursed loudly and demanded that Garland answer.

She was gone in an instant. In her place -- only the flush of the low wind. Garland listened weakly to the oaths of the approaching conspirator. In his hand he held a tiny flower and in his heart he wished, more than anything, that she would sing for him.

Halfmoon stood before a roaring fire, his dusky face looking

even darker and more intense in its flickering throes. He did not seem at all pleased with the outcome of the day's events. Garland had agreed to accompany Boresleeve back to this unnerving fellow only on the condition that they would leave for the Valley immediately afterward.

"She was within grasp, eh?" he asked and his voice held something other than curiosity and concern. "You will, at least, stay for some strong drink. Possibly we may... reconcile ourselves. The road is lonely and the night is young yet!"

Boresleeve eagerly nodded. Though Garland drank rarely, and wished himself far away, he finally agreed. A quick quaff of wine to break the chill and they would be done with this bewildering character.

They moved inside the bus. Behind the wheel lay a small space covered with rugs and huge pillows. Garland and Boresleeve seated themselves upon this while their dark host opened one of the many cabinets lining the walls and withdrew a small, red flask. He obtained tiny cups from another cabinet and joined them on the low divan. He did not face them directly, but sat to their left staring up at the numerous pots and pans hanging from the ceiling. The Peddler chewed upon a slender, brownish root taken from his huge belt-pouch. Garland sat munching a small amount of seeds which he carried in a small vest pocket. They sipped in silence upon a strong, pungent liquid.

"Do you gentlemen enjoy good music?" asked Halfmoon, his voice an almost inaudible whisper.

"Of course!" returned Boresleeve enthusiastically. Garland detected a certain nervousness in his companion's words.

"And you, Seedeater? Do you share your friend's love for rhythm?"

Halfmoon turned towards him and for the first time Garland saw the wild, left eye swim crazily outward as Halfmoon's lips thinned into a wide grin.

"I... yes. Good music is fine," he answered weakly, chilled to the bone.

"Then I will play for you," he said with a wider grin which exposed his teeth. He rose and moved to the farthest cabinet. Garland shivered visibly. The man's teeth had been filed!

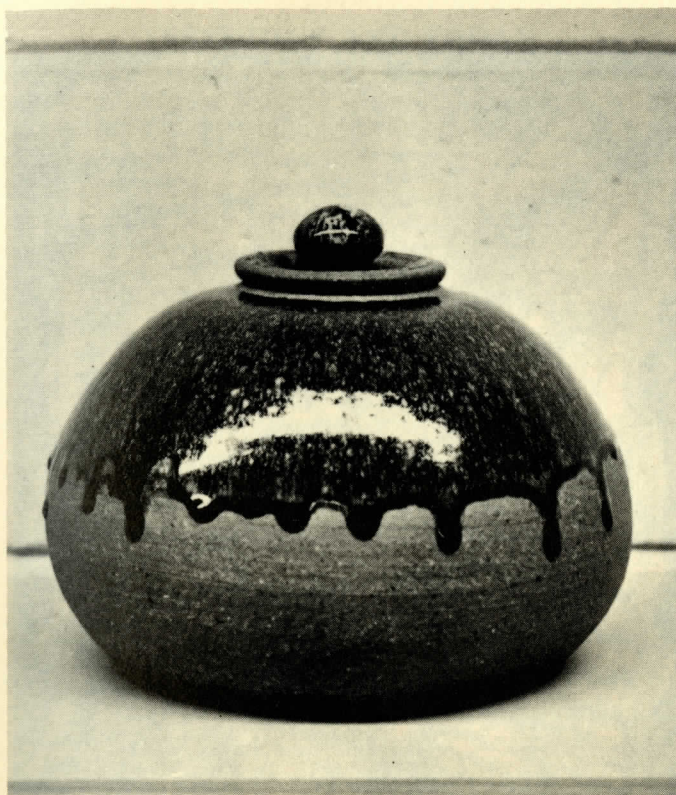
In each hand Halfmoon held a long, golden spoon. Making a low bow he came up with the spoons held above his head in outstretched arms.

"I call it 'The Symphony of the Gods'. Tonight, I dedicate my performance to Boresleeve, the honorable Peddler." He made another bow and then, on straightening, began a slow roll upon the nearest and deepest of the hanging pots. Both Garland and Boresleeve had finished their drink and sat staring at this spectacle. Boresleeve seemed pleased. The golden spoons were a blur of motion as Halfmoon sprang from pot, to pan, to pot in a bizarre cacophony of sounds.

The lamps inside the bus seemed to dim and flicker. Garland's very surroundings seemed to begin to oscillate as he watched the wild-faced figure leap from place to place, drumming hard upon the now reeling pots and pans. Garland shook his head, not trusting his vision. The entire bus appeared to him as if it were swaying back and forth. His mind became engulfed with a howl of blatant sound; his eyes witnessed a world of swinging shadows and whirling motions. The small cup fell from his hands, its clatter drowned in the sea of sound about it. Garland tried to tear his fuddled eyes from the seething picture before him, but it was useless. He seemed frozen in this instant of confusion; paralyzed in this moment of madness. Then, upon his slight brains, a low, rhythmic chant began:

FIRST CERAMICS AWARD

"Lidded Jar"



Lou Ellis

We are the dull Gods
We are the hungry Gods
We are the slayers of hollow wind
The eaters of soft, blue trees!

Over and over the dim chant repeated in Garland's head. In his fading vision, Garland saw the outstretched arms of the wizard, Halfmoon, and heard him shout: "The Gods! We are the Gods! I am God!" And then he slipped from the bus on a thin wisp of ebon fog and blended into the darkness.

She took him by the hand in the Blue Forest and put to his lips a small flower that he was to eat. It was delicious. Nothing he had ever eaten could compare to it. Her face was smooth and tranquil; her eyes like endless paths of blue. But when she finally spoke there was a sense of urgency in her voice. "Run," she said and the word swam thickly and lazily about him. She pulled upon his arm and they began a slow and dizzying gait, but try as he may he could go no faster. "Run!" she repeated,

the word reverberating in his mind. A look of fear came into her face, but all that Garland wished to do was to lie down and rest and let the swirling heavens pass on above him. And for her to sing him to sleep with a lovely song. "Run!" she cried and it was all he could do to keep his feet as they moved across a broad plain. Hard as he tried, it did him no good. The more effort he put into his steps, the slower they seemed to go. He felt leaden. He felt literally dragged by this mysterious creature whose once golden hair now began to turn an astonishing blue. "Run!" she screamed, her voice lined with fear. Garland began to stumble as she looked back across her shoulder. Her face was as blue as the heavens would ever be. "Moon!" she wailed. He went down in a whirl of slow motion. For a moment her hand still held fast to his and then it released him. Garland tumbled to the heaving ground, rolled, and lay face down.

He lay for some time with his face against the swinging earth; clenching his hands hard upon it, trying to blend himself within it. Nowhere in the Universe dwelt anything solid. Nowhere in the world was there a color he could name. He pushed himself upon his back and watched the air about him turn. In and out it danced like cornstalks holding hands in the wind. Air upon air, swirl upon swirl; each untouchable tendril of smoke or cloud belonged to itself and to all. And then he heard the song again. It began low and indistinct, then lifted and floated him through the dancing mist above him. It was that same entrancing song he had heard near the grotto so long ago. And though he concentrated his very existence upon that lilting voice, it was ages before he came to realize that it issued from deep within his own throat.

Garland awoke from a blue dream and faced a grinning nightmare. Above him, from where he lay on the low couch, Halfmoon stood poised, a golden dagger in his hand.

"Think much before you move, my sleepy friend," he said, his voice a vicious snarl. "You are bound both hand and foot and I'll have your throat cut in a flash if you cause me trouble."

Garland wished he had never awakened. Which was better -- blending dreams or living nightmares? Boresleeve was gone. The pots and pans had been taken down and lay scattered about the floor in mean order. It was raining, the sky wore ashen grey at mid morning.

"Direct me to her lair, Eater of Seeds, or I'll soon make short work of your thin hide!" cried the impassioned figure looming above him. The wild eye worked excitedly outward like a bowled fish attempting escape.

"Tell me or I'll split your heart!" he spit savagely. Dropping swiftly to one knee he pressed the dagger against Garland's chest just above his pounding heart, a hand about his throat.

"First . . . you must . . . make for the . . . Thin Valley . . ."

Garland answered, barely choking out the words.

"Lying will only delay your end, not avert it!" assured the raving Halfmoon.

"Make . . . for the Valley," repeated Garland even less audibly. Halfmoon leaped away, leaving him to catch at air. He

jumped behind the wheel and the bus roared away.

The road to the Valley wound about intermittent trees and boulders and was filled with ugly holes that made the bus sag and sigh. A particularly rough bounce loosened the dagger from the muttering Halfmoon's belt and it clattered to the floor, unnoticed in the bus's roar. Halfmoon pushed the bus harder than it had ever known. Up towards the waiting hills they sped, leaving a long trail of muddy ruts. With each bend or turn the small, golden dagger slid further back along the floor and closer to the trembling captive. Oblivious to anything but his own dark thoughts, Halfmoon slammed the bus even harder up the steepening hills. Garland could only watch helplessly as the weapon approached him.

Garland finally had it! With a determined effort which surprised him, Garland held the icy dagger in his tightly bound hands and sawed at those upon his feet. The bus streaked along a narrow ridge. On his left a sheer wall rose to dizzying heights; to the right the road fell away to a slowly sloping greyness dotted with massive trees and rocks.

The bus took a hard bounce, shoving Garland flatly against the wall. The door of the cabinet nearest him sprang wildly open and its contents emptied suddenly around him. One alone caught his eye: a Peddler's pouch, complete with belt!

Garland's feet were free. Cautiously he began to creep towards his foe as quietly as possible. Then, with a leap, he stood directly behind him, the dagger held low, tip touching the madman's neck.

"Stop this thing, or I lop off your head!" he shouted, trying hard to make his soft voice sound harsh and powerful.

For a moment the startled Halfmoon said nothing. Then he began a rolling, raucous laugh that filled the entire bus and doubled back upon itself like crazed wind in a sorcerer's bottle.

"Lop it off then, Seedeater, and we go to the bottom of this mud-stained gorge. Or stay awhile, as I believe you will, and we will soon be feasting with our friend, the Nymph! Or should I say feasting *of* her?" He laughed again loudly, maniacally.

Garland stood pickled. What to do? The madman was right. Either way seemed utterly hopeless and -- his decision was made for him. For there, in the middle of the mud painted road, as if from nowhere, the Nymph of the Blue Forest stood, her face calm and passive.

Halfmoon saw her in the next instant and from his throat came a most unexpected scream.

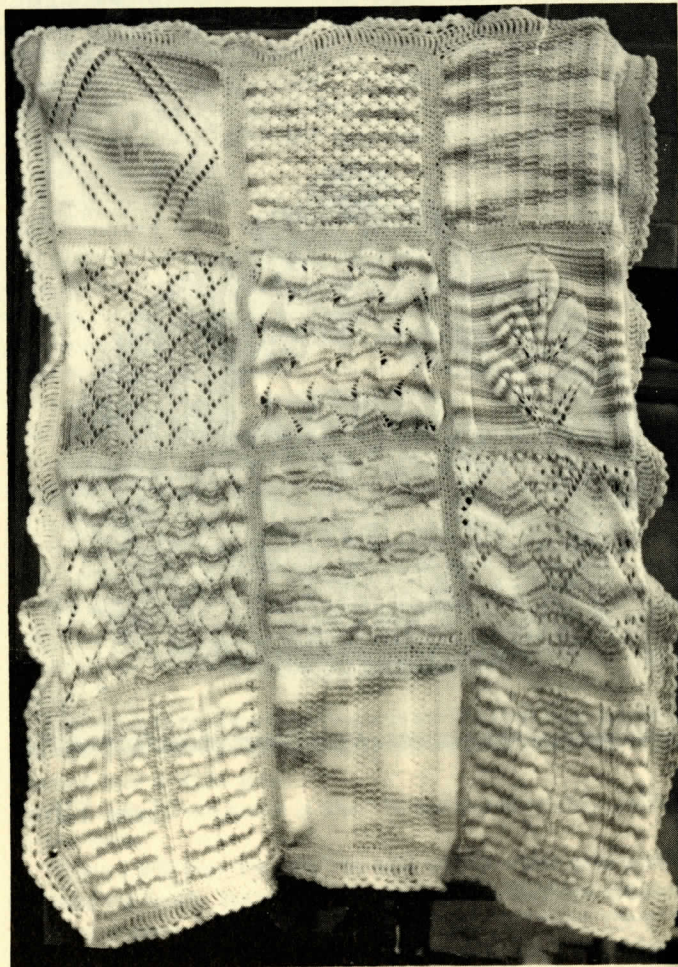
"NO!" he shrieked, jerking the wheel at the last second with all his unreasoning strength.

Down they went with an incredible roar from the doomed bus. Smashing a tree, the bus lost all its ancient glass with a terrible crash. It flipped to one side and continued for many yards in an awful roll, finally coming to rest on its battered top, caught by a tall and massive tree. The last tinkles of sharded glass; the almost human groan of the bus as it set itself upon the stolid trunk -- then silence.

Garland's hands were still tied, but he was able to crawl shakily from the wreckage. Outside, near where the bus had at last foundered, the rain beat upon a dead, but still angry face. Halfmoon's good eye surveyed the ashen sky; the other eye, the wild one, had frozen to its farthest reach and seemed to stare directly, wickedly at Garland even in death.

From somewhere above him there began a soft, but lovely song. Garland began to make his way up the scarred hill through scattered pots and pans and his mind filled with other thoughts than wild eyes and grey rain.

FIRST AWARD CRAFTS "Twelve Knitting Patterns"



Karen Sue Fortenberry

SAILING

We make an ocean
with the motion
of our bodies.
The bed is our shore.

We come crashing down
again and again
like waves swelled in a storm.

Our love is but a toy sailboat
riding
the
tide.

--Diane Prestage

NORTH AND SOUTH TO A BLACK

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

by Margaret Ann Harrison

Northboun'

O' de wurl' ain't flat,
An' de wurl' ain't roun',
Hits one long strip
Hangin' up an' down--
Jes' Souf an' Norf;
Jes' Norf an' Souf.

Talkin' 'bout sailin' 'round de wurl'..
Huh! I'd be so dizzy my head 'ud twurl.
If dis heah earf wuz jes' a ball
You know the people all 'ud fall.

O' de wurl' ain't flat,
An' de wurl' ain't roun',
Hits one long strip
Hangin' up an' down--
Jes' Souf an' Norf;
Jes' Norf an' Souf.

Talkin' 'bout the City whut Saint John saw--
Chile you oughta go to Saginaw;
A nigger's chance is "finest kinds"
An' pretty gals ain't hard to find.

Huh! de wurl' ain't flat.
An' de wurl' ain't roun';
Jes' one long strip
Hangin' up an' down.
Since Norf is up
An' Souf is down,
And Hebben is up,
I'm upward boun.'

The flatly written poem above, "Northboun", written by Lucy Ariel Williams, a Southerner, born in Mobile, Alabama, clearly explicates the Black race's previous views about the North and South.

Until the latter years of the twentieth century, Blacks have possessed an abiding hate for the South. In opposition to their hate for the South, Blacks have possessed an abundance of love for the North.

With reference to North and South, North is the upper region of the United States, consisting of states from grassy,

green North Carolina, to the heavily populated state of New York; South's the lower region of the United States, occupying the states from mountainous South Carolina to the sunny state of Florida.

The Black man's hate for the South originated when Blacks, in 1619, were sold to inhabitants of the English colonies for labor needs. Therefore, until the latter years of the 1900's the Black race's recollection of the Southern states has been a nightmare.

The Black man's limitless supply of love for the North originated when Blacks discovered that opportunities were available to them in the Northern states. Consequently, the Northern region of the United States was regarded as "heaven" to the Black race.

To the Blacks the South was "hell". The only thing Blacks were allowed to put into life in the states of Alabama and Louisiana, among others, was hard labor. The only profit the Blacks received from this strenuous labor was pain, turmoil, and humiliation. When a Black of the latter years of the 1800's and early years of the twentieth century reminisced about the South, his recollections painted a vivid, horrid picture of slaves on the auction block; dawn to dusk work in hot cotton fields; the familiar dinnertime, with food brought in pails and poured into troughs; the painful punishment of a girl strung from a tree and a man being savagely and severely whipped; the white painted house of the watchful overseer; white-washed slave cabin; and emancipated slaves asking "Uncle Sam" for what has been promised--a mule, forty acres of land and fifty dollars. All of these incidents were conceived in the hate of the South by the Blacks.

One day Blacks discovered that a better life awaited them in the North. The news of this "heaven" was broadcasted by a slave girl who had escaped to the North, after being severely beaten by her master. She was Harriet Tubman. Her stories of the North painted a happy picture of work in large factories, stores, and manufacturing plants, along with money that was yours; a home decent for a family of ten to live in; food prepared, properly, in your home and placed on your table; no more domineering figure of an overseer; and free Blacks walking and talking up and down the streets of "heaven". These enlightenments gave birth to a love for the North by the Black race.

Today, the views of Blacks have changed toward the North and South. The poem, "Northboun'", written by Lucy Ariel Williams, could be revised, each word meaning the opposite of what it says now.

Blacks found out that their "heaven" soon was very much like their "hell". The bubbles of opportunities that were blown for Blacks soon burst. They discovered that in the Northern region of the United States, there existed, also, turmoil, pain, and humiliation. Although they were derived from other sources, they were still present.

One day a Black minister called the Blacks "back home" again. He was Martin Luther King, Jr. A Southerner who wasn't a slave, but had felt the pain of slavery from the incidents told to him by older Blacks and from his studying of history, Martin Luther King, Jr. was one of the great leaders of the Civil Rights Movement of the sixties. This movement opened up doors to the Black race that had been closed before. This movement brought and is constantly luring Blacks "back home," to the South. The Civil Rights Movement brought about the realization to Blacks that there is no "heaven" on earth, nor "hell". The movement made the Blacks aware, also, that opportunities are just as great as or greater in the South than in the North.

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FIRST PLACE: POETRY

EMPTY FORMS IN AN IRON LACE CITY

by Deborah Conner

"The best cure for love is a love affair.
All these girls are saying,
'Marry me, marry me, and let me have your baby.'
When they should be saying,
'Screw me, screw me, and then leave me, please! "
Then she wiped the bar.
You could see the energy bouncing around
In her short, slight body, as she philosophized on love,
Making the lonely businessmen laugh.
And joining them with short, gasping laughter,
As if she had been in deep water too long.
I wanted to speak softly to her, but was afraid she wouldn't
understand.
Fear prevents so much . . .

We left the bar.
I had come to the city with a guy.
And had been alone ever since.
Oh, my eyes saw him. And my ears heard his voice.
I was even grateful for the smell of cheese on his beard.
It told another sense he was near.
But my heart called my senses liars.

It was a good place for a love to fade,
In the city of iron lace.

FACADES INCORPORATED

I looked for the school today.
It is run by ladies who volunteer their time
To teach underprivileged children.
There were always swings in front,
But I never saw the good ladies or the children.
Today even the swings were gone.

Over another door is "Business School."
It is run by ladies to teach young girls
To become dutiful secretaries.
I saw the dry ladies and colorless girls,
As they were blown across the parking lot to waiting cars.

On main street is "A School of Beauty."
It is run by plastic ladies, who teach
Smudgy-eyed girls to mold other women's features.
I saw the masked ladies and the girls with frightening eyes,
As they stood alienated on living grass.

Mist swirls and stars fly.
I stand in front of a cave.
Its entrance is hung with
Bits of colored glass and bells.
They make music when the wind blows.

In a corner a shadow sits and blows a wooden flute.
The music of the flute, and the glass and the bells
Are the only things real.
And mist swirls.
And stars fly . . .

--Deborah Conner

COOL ASH CEILING

I know how a coal feels,
When separated from the fire,
As the cool, white ash forms
'Round its hot center.

He lies with his arms under his head,
Studying the dark invisible ceiling.
I lie with my back to him, untouching.
Fear lies between us.

He fears my demands.
My demands exist in his mind.
I fear his rejection.
The rejection is in his fear.

We both want the same thing:
Not to become a sunflower, whose face follows the sun for o
summer.

Fear lies between us.
So we grow whiter and whiter,
As the light grows to reveal
The horror of the way we are.

--Deborah Conner

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

I lived in a kaleidoscope.
Its walls were delicate and turning, circular and turning,
And in that lay their strength.
The round roof was made of bits of glass,
Colored glass, of glowing hues,
That changed as the wind blows,
As the tide goes, as the earth turns,
That changed as the wind blows.

I lived naked in the kaleidoscope
And swam through days of colored air.
I drank wine that changed with every sip:
Red, green, blue, amber, wine.
I ate glimmering fruit,
Fruit that glistened different colors.
Bread? I ate rainbow bread.
And on my hand was a ring of silver.
I thought it was silver. It reflected different colors,
That changed as the wind blows,
As the tide goes, as the earth turns,
That changed as the wind blows.

I looked inside myself
And saw my soul was stained by the kaleidoscope.

Its colors were changed
 And given misshapened shapes.
 A cry of agony and rage.
 Echoed 'round the walls,
 Echoed and doubled and doubled,
 Echoed and doubled,
 Until the walls were fragmented.
 When the shattered glass lay 'round my feet
 I realized the cry had been my own.
 And I stretched a white, steady hand
 Towards the blue sky and green tree.
 And on my hand was a ring of gold.
 --Deborah Conner

HONORABLE MENTION: SHORT STORY

by Larry Garland

NEOPHYTE AT FIVE AND A HALF

Great globules of dew clung stubbornly to my newly polished shoes as I raced toward the bus. The day so long thought about, talked about, dreamed about, had finally arrived. Innocently, I ran out to meet it.

The focal point of my attention was that bus; all other things became merely peripheral. I remember the eastern sun only because it transformed the yellow bus into sunshine. I remember the dusty road only because of the grumble of the tires as they grated to a stop on the loose dirt and gravel. I remember the dew only because of the way it quivered on the hood of the bus. Most vividly; however, I remember the unique way the door swung open to beckon me inside. Looking up those two or three steps that loomed before me, I stood alone beside that great airgulfing noise maker. I took one honeysuckle-deep breath and scurried up to find a seat. I hesitantly traced an imagined letter in the cold, cracked vinyl at my side. At last with growing confidence, I slid over near the window. Then with both hands clasped firmly on the bar across the seat in front of me, I eased forward until my nose just brushed the smooth, cool metal. It smelled of strange, unknown excitement!

Before me was the driver, beyond him was the road. A moment's uneasiness tickled my spine. I spun around in my seat. Behind me, near the back, were some older boys. Beyond them were the massive slabs of dusty, graffiti-infested glass which made up the rear window of the bus. Through the rearranged dust that made a word I could not read, I saw home. The house seemed empty somehow, like a bird's nest in autumn. I looked toward home until a twisted clump of wild plum trees blocked my view. Then I slowly turned back around to face the oncoming road. I now know that the word scrawled on the dusty glass was a prophetic goodbye.

PARALLEX W'S PROBLEM

"Mummy, Mummy, read me a bedtime story."
 "Okay. But just a short one. This story is from

The Galaxy Annals of Knowledge, 2180 A. D.
 Filing Code- Macro: Extinguished Worlds
 Micro: Racism
 Source: Retrieved Space Capsule."

Parallex W was a nice planet. Tall trees arched gracefully in the eternal 90 m.p.h. methane winds. Streamlined homes stooped elegantly in the intense glow of the Twins-givers of light by day. And nighttime held a special treat for romantics, for the habitats glowed radiantly for several hours after lightdown and burnout. Ah, how well I remember perching on the lawn, anterior to the wind, my quills flapping gently in the breeze, soaking in their nightly deluge of soothing methanol. And I remember Ptarsis as we mind-linked on those tranquil nights, waiting for those last few moons to be chased away by the coming of day. We hoped to glimpse those glimmering stars before the daily ignition of the upper atmosphere.

But enough reminiscing. Let me tell you of our problem. We were an orderly yet simple world. Quite logically, we were divided into Protector and Protected. We felt a great responsibility for the Protected. In fact, we brought them here from the Other Continent so that we might better protect them. As an obviously inferior race--their tenacles are much too short--they were expected to do some necessary labor, but certainly that's not too much to ask in return for all we gave them. Yet, being considerably more populous than we were, they managed to stage a rebellion.

So war came to Parallex W. It was fought with hyper-atomics and gases of the most horrid nature. (Oxygen was used extensively.) Our farms and homes--even our beautiful Yorga trees were lost to H₂O bombs. Now our rhythmic nightly rains bring only death. The sweet, sweet methanol is tainted with H₂O; and without our nightly imbueement, we will die.

"So there's your bedtime story. Oh, the moral: Racial strife endangers life. Now go to sleep or I'll sic a Subordinate on you."

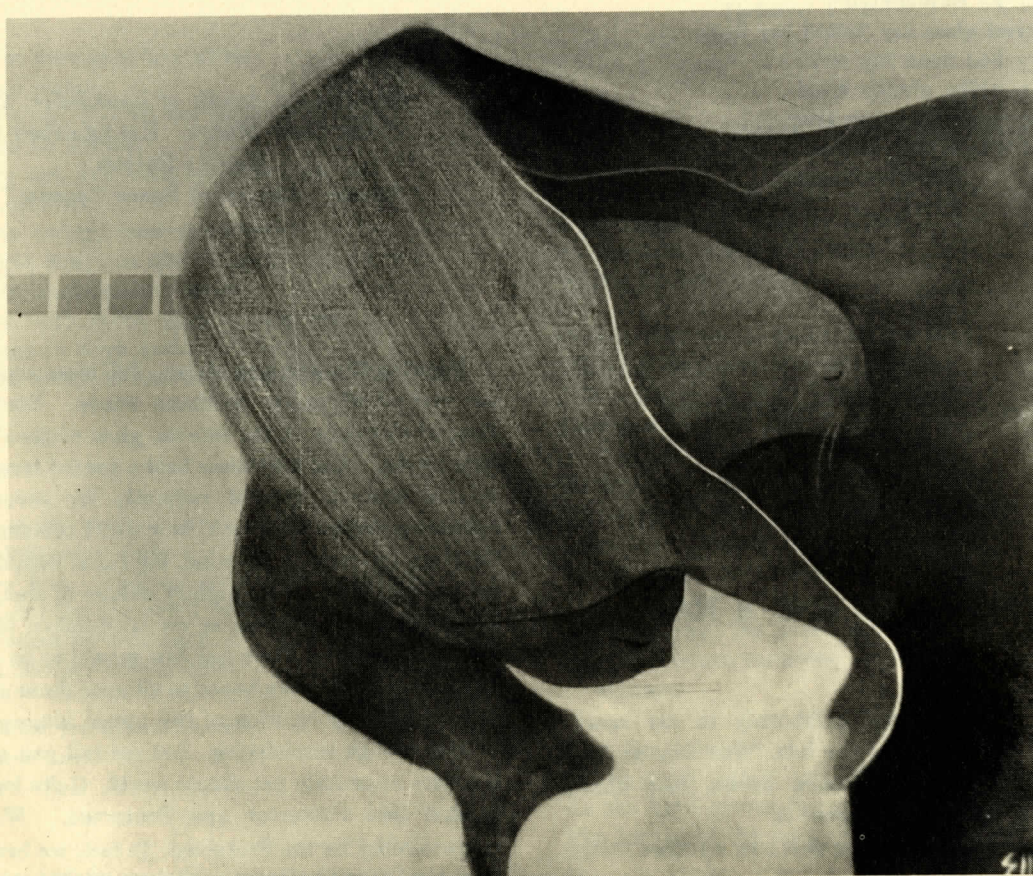
* * * *

This Terran dialogue (and thus the story-lesson) is from

The Galaxy Annals of Knowledge, 2192 A. D.
 Filing Code- Macro: Unenlightened Worlds
 Micro: Earth
 Source: Retrieved Space Capsule.

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FIRST PLACE PAINTING
Second Cover Award
"SEEKING DRIFT"



Lou Ellis

SEASONED HAIKU

Solstice [Pose]

What is the high point of life's flight?
Could it be lost in life's opposite?

Spring [Rose]

Youth cannot be the spring of life
Since that season I reserve for love.

Summer [Goes]

Maturity Lane is lit by a passion
Which dies before the end.

Fall [Slows]

By taking second childhood are we saying
Adulthood was not good?

Winter [Woes]

Some say Death is Winter's breath,
But I know it's icy Order--and snow.

Equinox [Close]

From seedling, to flower, to withered, to dead,
Life peers out, then it's shed.

--Larry Garland

**THE MISOGAMIST
OR
A THREE-PART STUDY IN CRIME AND RETRIBUTION**

by Whitney T. Dooley

PART I: THE DEED

The road was a narrow red slash between the Georgia pines that bordered the winter dormant fields. The frozen soil glinted here and there where the sun melted away the early morning mist. Brown stubble from last year's crop stood in ragged lines on the stony hillsides that rose on either side of the road. Mrs. Baker viewed the hollow from her house, perched on the highest ridge, and shivered, not so much from the icy weather as from the cold that Captain Baker's absence brought. Two hundred miles south, he was lining the remnants of his unit into ranks as ragged as the stalks of corn his wife and daughter had toiled over the previous summer. The house itself was a modest clapboard affair overlooking a three acre field of hard flinty soil. As was usual in those times of trial and hardship, the house had a grayed about the edges, dilapidated appearance. Four years of no maintenance had let the porch sag. The roof was uneven from lost shingles, and here and there the dark mouth of a broken window stood out in the morning sun. The barn which stood close to the road that bordered the property, some hundred yards from the house, was in considerably worse condition. Not that it mattered. All of the animals but a sway-backed mule had gone along with their master to be ground up in the war effort.

The Yankee presence had made itself felt in the wind between the cracks in the walls and in the poor food that the absence of men created. With regret Mrs. Baker thought of her daughter, Sarah, a pretty sixteen, and of the barn dances and hayrides

she'd miss with all the young men in the region gone to the fighting.

"Mother, come away from the window and do stop brooding," Sarah's voice broke her Mother's reverie.

"Oh, I'm sorry, darling. I was just thinking."

"Worrying is more like it. You've been distracted since we got the news about Atlanta."

With a sigh, Mrs. Baker turned her attention to helping her daughter heat water for washing their ragged clothes, and for making the corn gruel that would be their meager breakfast. Had she remained at the window another few minutes, she would have seen a more tangible evidence of the Yankee presence on the road below.

Two Union soldiers, coming around the bend in the road at the head of the valley, spied the house and began a plodding progress toward it. They were bummers in Sherman's Army and an oddly matched pair: one, a native New Englander with a mean streak a mile wide; the other, an Irish immigrant whose big frame held enough kindness for the two of them.

Sean Connor had found his way into Sherman's Army as a rich man's proxy. Poor Irish immigrants provided excellent cannon fodder for a reasonable price. The banker who avoided conscription through Sean had paid him a mere fifty dollars.

Billy Markham had always been a rounder, a wild one from the time he surmounted the barrier of puberty until he completed the cycle of his life. He was known for his fighting

and drinking, and among the village girls, he enjoyed the reputation of a stud. He was, however, not overly bright and fell prey to an attractive widow, who under a pleasing exterior concealed a temperament similar to the member of the arachnid family that bears the same title. Marriage did not suit Billy. His newly found spouse had definite ideas about his making a living and she expressed them in no uncertain terms. Even the consolation he found in sex was ruined when she became pregnant. He chafed and smouldered under her domination. The infatuation he had taken for love was rapidly transformed into a burning resentment. Unlike most people, Billy greeted the shelling of Fort Sumter with a feeling of relief. He enlisted in the cause to save the Union to get away from his wife.

They stopped below the house and from a thicket near the barn surveyed the farm, looking for evidence of food stores or livestock. Stamping their feet against the cold they debated the worth of exposing themselves to possible rifle fire from a Southern farmer, against the plunder that might be found in the house.

"Well, it don't look like much to me, Billy, lad, and I'll wager there's nothin' here to interest General Sherman. So let's be movin' on."

Billy was about to agree when Sarah stepped out on the porch for wood for the stove.

"Jesus Christ," he breathed as they watched her fill her arms and reenter the house. "There might not be anything to interest General Sherman but from the looks of those petticoats there's something here to interest me," Billy said as he headed across the field.

Dumbfounded, Sean watched him go until he had covered a quarter of the field. He knew Billy's wild nature well enough to see what he planned. Rape was something Sean's conscience would not let him permit. "Be thinkin' of your wife and child, Billy," he called as he began a belated pursuit.

Billy turned for a moment and replied, "How many times do I have to say it, you stupid mick bastard? I'd rather burn in hell than do so much as think about that bitch and snottynosed brat."

"Then, be thinkin' of me fist atop yer head!" Sean bellowed as he broke into a run. Seeing pursuit, Billy made a beeline for the house, jerking the sling of his rifle off his shoulder so that he could hold the weapon at ready as he ran. The frozen soil crunched beneath their heavy boots as they leapt over the brown corn stalks. Their rasping breath hung suspended as clouds of icy mist.

Billy reached the house a few steps ahead of Sean, spun around and drove the butt of his musket into the Irishman's face. Connor might as well have run into a brick wall. His feet cleared the ground by a good two feet and for a second he was suspended in air, his body nearly horizontal. Then he struck the frozen earth and lay gasping, spitting up blood and broken teeth. Billy drew his bayonet from its sheath and grasping the hilt with both hands he fell on Sean, his weight driving the blade into the fallen man's chest. One great muscular spasm heaved through the Irishman's body. Then he lay still.

"Now, you son of a bitch, let's see you push me around anymore," Billy said as he wiped his knife on the dead man's coat. Returning it to his sheath he stood up and walked up the porch steps, heedless of his comrade's wide staring eyes and red blood and mingled with that harsh red earth.

The door was locked so he kicked it open. The Baker women were huddled in the far corner of the first room. Mrs. Baker clung to her pretty sixteen year old as if the force of her embrace could protect the child from any evil. Markham cracked her jaw with the heel of his boot, slamming her into the wall and away from her daughter. Grasping Mrs. Baker's hair, he dragged her into the middle of the room. Then he turned his attention to Sarah. She shrank away from him screaming.

"Shut up, you goddamned rebel bitch," Markham swore as he pummeled her face. "I'm goin' to show you what a real man feels like."

When swollen eyes and bleeding mouth had reduced her to quiet sobs he began cutting away her clothing with his knife. Occupied with roughly fondling her firm young body and dropping his trousers, he failed to notice Mrs. Baker crawl into the adjoining kitchen. Nor, as he was forcing himself between Sarah's thighs, did he notice her return. The shock of her burying the kindling axe in his head did capture his attention . . . for a moment.

PART II: THE REPRIEVE

"Next, please," a hurried individual behind an enormous white desk called out.

A tall Negro stepped up and falling on his knees cried out, "Yahs, Lawd, ahs ready, Lawd. Mercy, Lawd, mercy."

With a look that said he'd seen it all before, the official said, "Please, son, let's dispense with the theatrics; we're in the middle of a rush. Ordinarily, we'd go through the expected social amenities and heavenly pageant, but wars always put us in a bind. Paperwork, you know. So, just give me your name and report to the first garden on the left. Your case will be processed later, and if you still want it you can have the full treatment, harps and all. Your name, son. I'm waiting!"

"Rufus, suh," moaned the Negro, wild eyed.

"Very good, Rufus. Now, if you'll move along I'm sure you'll find a good many interesting spirits with whom to spend a delightful few thousand years."

With no small amount of confusion, Billy watched the proceedings at the desk. "Where in hell am I?! he exclaimed. "What place is this?" he asked, his tone becoming softer as he glanced about. Vastness, great vastness, was the only word to describe it. That southern farmhouse had undergone a sudden, most remarkable metamorphosis. The roughbeamed ceiling was now a sparkling blanket of stars, and the threadbare carpet had been transformed into obsidian of blinding brilliancy. Nor was he alone. Thousands and thousands of men stood in queues about him. Considering the pain he'd felt before finding himself here, he was either dead, crazy, or both. The dialog at the desk about harps, gardens, and heavenly pageants seemed to indicate he'd gone to his reward. And considering the position he'd been in before making the trip, he was a little apprehensive as to what that reward might be. He determined that if this place was indeed Heaven, he would say nothing to enlighten the management about his qualifications for being

there. Judging by the overflow of applicants, he figured his chances for acceptance were fair provided he volunteered no information, and the white haired man . . . angel? . . . at the desk asked no embarrassing questions. He heaved a great sigh of relief when he passed in the same mechanical fashion as the others.

The third garden on the left was a very pleasant place, and indeed, there were a great many entertaining spirits with whom to spend one's time. After a few years of preliminary nervousness and worry about being found out for the murderer he was, or had been, Billy developed a very complacent smugness. After all, he must be a very clever creature to have lived a life of wanton self-indulgence and still made it into Paradise. He was to spend many smug decades free of his wife and any earthly cares. Had he not been so shallow he would have realized the great machinery of the universe was turning in its inexorable way to bring him to justice.

PART III: RETRIBUTION

Billy's progeny flowered and in his name a line was formed. While his family grew from great, great grandfather down, the machinery of the universe was marking time in Billy Markham's case. In 1975, some 110 years after Billy's entrance to the place of final rest, Ernest Markham and his attractive wife, Mary, were approached by missionaries of the Church Of Jesus Christ Of Latter-Day Saints. Ernest was Billy's great, great grandson, and unlike his ancestor, a very conscientious individual. Billy's wild blood had been bred out of the family.

The missionaries were earnest, clean-cut young men who presented their church's case very effectively. The hope of new revelations from God offered by the Mormon church greatly impressed Ernest and Mary. They had become increasingly dissatisfied with their Episcopalian faith and becoming Mormons seemed a logical answer to their spiritual problems.

Ernest summed up their attitude by saying, "You know, Mary, if God spoke to man two thousand years ago and hasn't since, I would say that we've been shortchanged. And my God is not one to abandon us like that."

The doctrine of the Mormon Church that touched them most deeply was that once married in a temple according to proper ritual, they would be together forever, a promise their present sect could not offer. Ernest and Mary were very deeply in love and could hardly bear to be apart for a day's time. The risk of not being together in the hereafter was one they were not willing to take. The new direction from God and the strong family life offered by the Mormon faith was enough to interest them, but the promise of life together for eternity convinced them to embrace it.

Like all new converts, they began learning about their new faith and fulfilling their obligations to it with great vigor. In the course of their study they discovered that they were in a position to perform a cosmic good deed. A part of their study was to make a genealogy or family tree, and from it, determine if their ancestors were blessed with togetherness in Heaven. If

not, Ernest and Mary could stand in proxy for them in a wedding ceremony at a temple. Thus, grandmothers and grandfathers who had already gone to the other world could be assured of togetherness for all eternity.

In a year's time, the Bishop of Ernest and Mary's ward deemed them ready to travel to a temple and complete their work, as they had faithfully followed the scriptures and teachings of the Church. They were elated. Ernest took two weeks vacation from his job and he and Mary traveled to Salt Lake City to visit the Temple and be fulfilled in the promise of the church. The Temple with its six great spires reaching towards Heaven was a very majestic and beautiful place for them to consummate their love. Of all the wedding ceremonies performed there, other than their own, of course, the one which gave them the most pleasure was for Great-Great-Grandfather Billy Markham and his wife, whose life together in the physical world had been short, for great-great grandfather had been called away to suppress the great rebellion and had never returned. Ernest said to Mary as they made their journey home, "Isn't it wonderful that great-great-grandfather and grandmother can be together again after all these years?"

"Oh, yes, it is, dear. I'm so happy just thinking about it," she blissfully replied.

Billy was idly stretched out on the soft lawn of the garden enjoying a pleasant daydream, when a nearly forgotten voice brought him bolt upright.

"How dare you run off and abandon me with a two-month-old child and a crop to be planted? How dare you go traipsing off all over the countryside with no thought of your responsibilities at home? Did you think the angels would provide for us? Why, the baby and I nearly starved to death the second winter after you left. And I've been waiting for the chance to get at you all these years. You were lazy in that life but you won't be in this one. Now, get up and put this garden into apple pie order immediately, because we're going to be here together a long, long time!"

"My God!" Billy screamed as he looked around, "My wife!" and sure enough, there she was, squallin' brat and all, looking terribly triumphant. He fled to the wrought-iron gate of the garden, screaming like a stuck pig. But it would not yield to his frantic pressure.

"Official!" he yelped, "Official, Official, Official!"

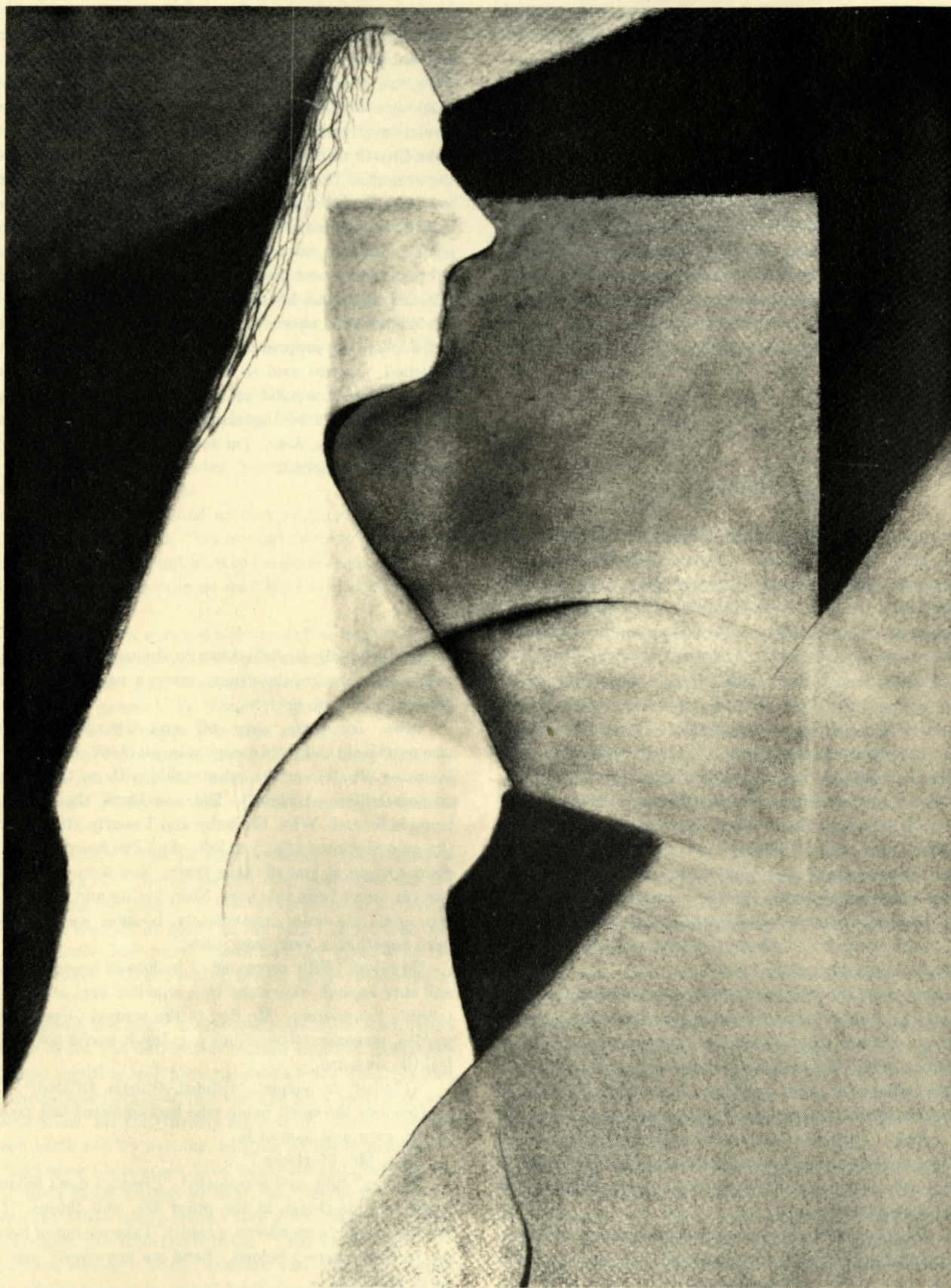
Casually the spirit being who had admitted him strolled up to the gate and looked in.

"Yes, Mr. Markham?"

"Listen," Billy said frantically! "Listen, I don't belong here. I did horrible things in the other life, evil things. I was a terrible sinner, a murderer, a rapist. Take me out of here. Send me to Hell where I belong. Send me anywhere, just get me away from her."

The spirit gave him a mildly suprised look and said, "Why, Mr. Markham, I thought you knew. Hell is of your own making." And with that it disappeared.

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FIRST DRAWING AWARD
"The Celibate"



Don Hollander

Corrupting The Morals Of An Old Man

by T. P. Greer

Jaded judges,
old ladies peering out from behind
victorian lace faded yellow curtains
through dusty window panes
shrouded in shadow
--i was charged in the courtrooms
of their minds with corrupting the morals of
an old man--

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who sits in a daily front porch vigil
waiting on the mailman, musing on
corn mash thoughts and cheap
Sugar memories

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
i gave him a pint of Old Grand Dad
on a sultry summer day
he spoke through rheumy eyes
and toothless brown 'bacca mouth
pausing to pucker and spit
in a rusty can that nestled
at his feet among dusty
mason jars

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who told of his bacchanal bachelor
days, his younger days, idyllic days
--of the Hoover breadline Florence winter
when he put mash and sugar in a
big pot--cooked it on down to
fiery elixir--waiting at the end
of the worm-pipe

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
as he put meat on the table
put mash in a pot
the Sheriff came and
put him in the Big House twice, mind you

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who paved the 1940's blacktops for
33 cents an hour who slept on cold
marble slab floors of courthouses under
signs that read:

--NO SPITTING--

Violators will be prosecuted to
the fullest extent of the law

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who got laid back in the sweet darkness
of a grey shack behind the carwash
who could swallow a half-pint of
oblivion in one gulp of burning ecstasy

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who saw the deputies at the riverbottom
'legging mason jars filled with
wildcat fury

Corrupting the morals of an old man,
who dreams dreams through cobweb
covered empty mason jars in
jumbled repose in the
back porch waning sunlight

CHUNK SMITH

ebony Chunk Smith

tattered black hat cocked cool on
balding head, sad brown bluesman's eyes

City dump scavenger among silent dark
t.v. eyes, broken chairs, piles of paper
-- his mellow mule 'n' wagon parked close by:
wagons rubber tires resurrected from this very
graveyard.

Sun silver glinting off the plow

. . . tilling spring gardens, his real vocation,
spark ragpicker remembrances of tennessee
riverbottom days

. . . cleaving alluvial loam into fertile furrows
plodding plowing mahogany mule faint rhythm
of trumpet notes: strains of st. louis blues
floating in sweltering air, rolling off the hill
"I hate to see dat ole evenin' sun

go down"

Sustaining itself across florence forests, up

through tennessee towns, kentucky hills, to the
city of the brown god . . . brass notes bending . . .
then lazily lolling down river serenading the
cotton fields, sliding past the shoals,
past Chunk plowing,
hot furnace sun overhead,
drifting down to new orleans dreams

-T. P. Greer

DOG DREAMS

dog dreams
paws and feet convulsing
in chase visions
bark box brief whine
ecstatic primordial pursuit images
white tail rabbit bounding through
canine brain thicket

-T. P. Greer

FALL POEM

Neoclassicists raking leaves
into neat square piles
six feet by six feet
and cursing falling leaves
Romanticists lie abed
dream poems falling like leaves
visions of English cucumbers.

-T. P. Greer

ELI

He drew him a ship,
With a stick in the sand,
And pulled himself up,
To watch the skipjacks where they ran.

The smell was there
In the salty air
And New England was no place to be.
For the winter winds blew cold and hard
And a summer man was he.

To back it off and start anew
Was a thorn from Jesus' side,
And the hollowed footprints were started fair
By a begging ceaseless tide.

A man displaced by a lack of grace
from a God he never knew,
For shallow was he in the mind,
and the sea
was home and a glass of brew.

--Carl Bullard

ONLY SURFACE

I looked behind at where I've been
And vaguely into where I'm bound,
And wondered if the time between
Is worth the cost of being now.

.....
Around the time hands of the clock
Run free the feet of surface acts,
While in the slipping moments lie
My fettered dreams, somehow held back.

.....
I look above from whence help comes
And wait with hopes of Charity,
For someone, something, from somewhere,
To stop the years or set me free.

--Angela Lawson

CONFORMITY

Society speaks not at all to a man

Unless he fit neatly into the plan.

Man fits not at all in the plan

Unless he chop deeply into the man.

--Larry Garland

THE THEATER

Behind a curtain a cold moan
quietly passed

Did the sound really come from behind the curtain?
On such a dark night who can tell?

Outside
a loud scream pierces the silent night.

Probably
there is some foolish prank somewhere in our midst.

In one quick breath I
stagger to the earth.

No one hears a sound.

--Gary Jones

THE HERO

In the waning hours of the day
stands the hero
having unity of mood and sustained inspiration
as he has no fears
he will pass through the flames
the majestic figure of a man
inspired by courage
and known to all

Having the will of youth
he fights to live
inspiring his contemporaries
and plaguing his enemies

as the gloom of age sets upon him
his glory is dispelled by new triumphs
his enthusiasm fades
and in the waning hours of his life
he is betrayed by his past
and falls prey to unanswered questions

--Bruce Johnston

CIRCLES

circles spinning round and round
in the element of expression
known by their natural principles
they induce lucid thinking
as they spin round and round
they have no bounds
they are infinite
pronouncing a never ending sequence
creating a form of undefinable unity
and striving toward the ultimate theme
of the universe

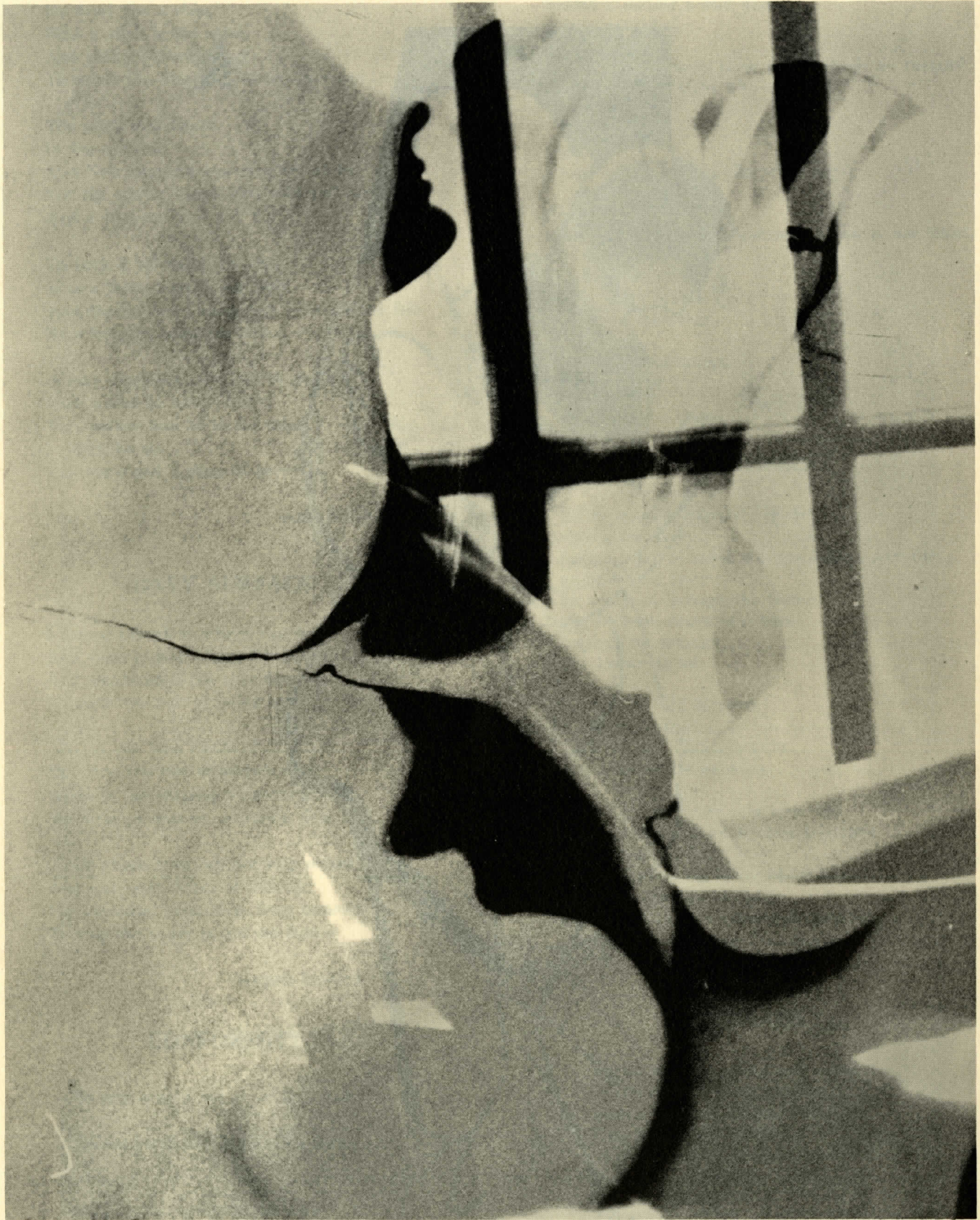
--Bruce Johnston

SECOND DRAWING AWARD
"A Wish"



Lou Ellis

8
A
1
THIRD PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY
"Metamorphosis"



Don Hollander

HEADLIGHTS AND STREET LAMPS

She had just left the smoke and the indoor-outdoor carpet and was thinking of last night. She had been alone, driving down a two-lane. Her mind and eyes had attached themselves to the headlights of an oncoming car.

The headlight didn't seem to move closer, just get more perfect. They were so white, so round. And she remembered that everything good was round. They were sending dancing parts of themselves out to draw her back where she had started, back into the center of light, back into roundness. Everything had seemed so good and complete, but there was something grating on her senses. Something . . . And she swerved into her lane.

She had felt light and empty and giddy. That's how she felt now. That's how she always felt after she had been hypnotized by lights . . . or people.

The music in the apartment pounded the people, making lip reading their language. The music was good. It filled her and made her think of a Mac truck meeting and passing a VW on a quiet road.

Lights blocked out everything, but his face, his mouth. His lips opened revealing wet, glistening teeth, "Baby." He only called her baby at night, when his mind relaxed. Was her name blended with the name of every girl he drank coffee with and every girl he had slept with last month? His pink lips opened and closed like the mouth of a sea animal. Funny, he had asked her to make love right when she had decided she wasn't sure if she liked him very much.

Standing up had taken years. Her footsteps had echoed and reverberated throughout her body until she had forgotten where she was going. It hadn't mattered, it was so good just walking.

Then she was under the street lamps, thinking of last night and tonight, and deciding not to watch headlights.

Deborah Conner

SUNDAY AFTERNOON NOVEMBER 12, 1972

The wind was Vick's medicated cool,
but not astringent.

--Diane Prestage

THE STATUE IN THE PARK

Ice encrusted and alone it stands there

Quiet, unmoving, and open to the air.

--Larry Garland

A MAN CALLED PETER

In the early morning hours, while the goblins still flew and the moon was bewitching, there came a sound which struck the night like a bolt from above. In the aftermath a man lies in his own eternal fountain of blood. Time stands still.

The night being New Year's Eve, there was to be celebration. The Christmas holidays were almost at an end, and a man called Peter in his home did celebrate the coming New Year with moderate enthusiasm. The night was warm for so late in the year, and the windows and doors were open to drive out bad air. As Peter sat with glass in hand, the shadow did approach. Driven by hatred or the full moon, no man can safely say, but the shadow came, his evil will to accomplish.

The various voices of people ran wild with the story, "Peter Commits Suicide." The shot heard around the world is naught to compare with the shock felt around the nation. People's spirits drooped, but there was no need; what was done was done.

I sit here now remembering that fateful night as if it were last night. You see, I was there only minutes before the final shot and many a time since have I wished the bullet had chosen me to lodge in.

Outwardly people say I look great; inwardly, though, I am dying bit by bit. Grief grows like a cancer engulfing my soul. There are times now when I foresee myself in a strait jacket, having to be bound to be considered safe even in the utopian world of insanity.

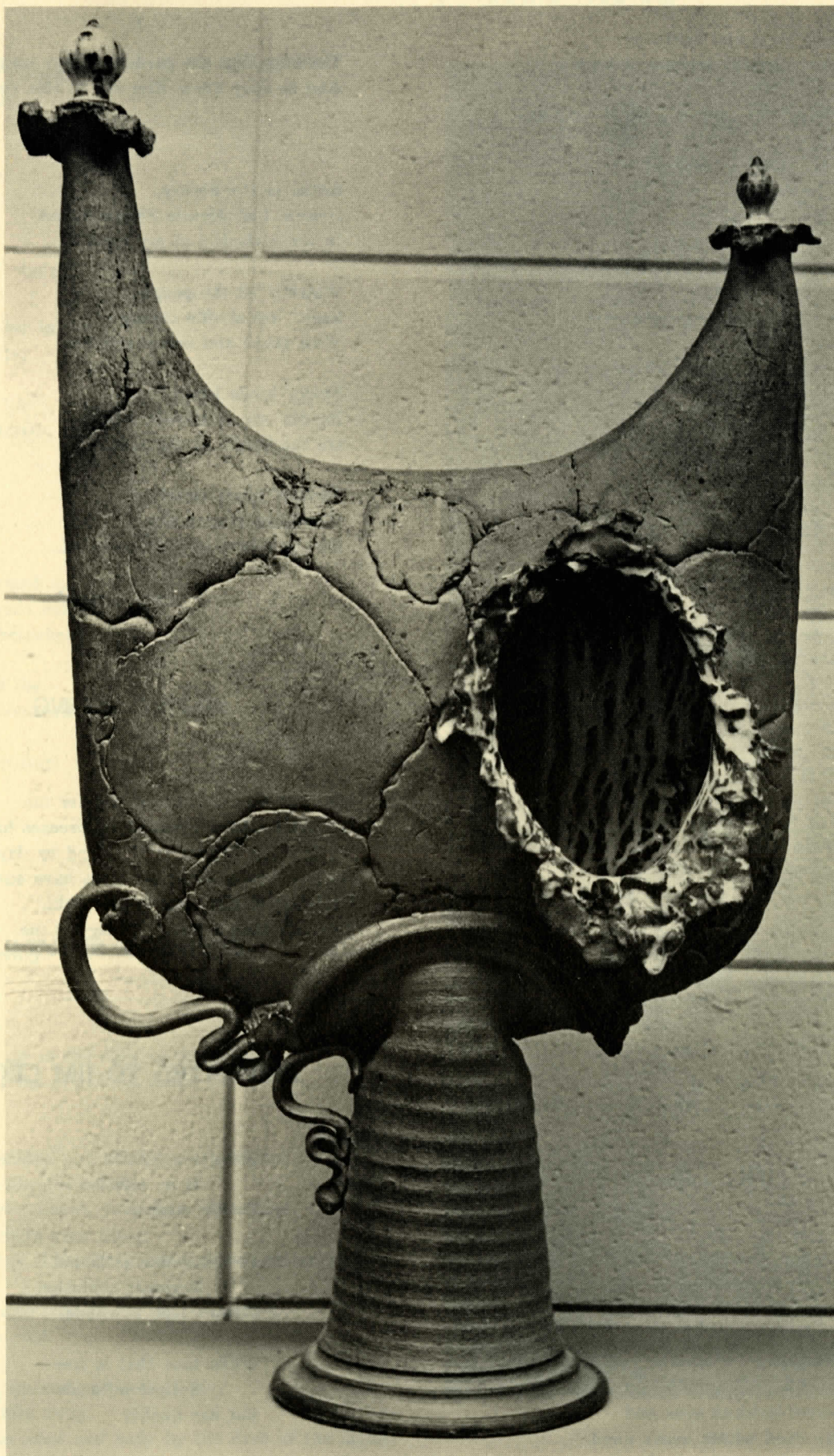
When finally I reach the blessed world of insanity, I can once again sigh a sigh of deep relief for I will never have to look back into the former self and be forced to remember that I shot and killed a man called Peter.

Kathy Lindsey

8
A
1
FIRST SCULPTURE AWARD



Lou Ellis



Lou Ellis

The moon and trees and darkness
 Pinpoint beams through a mass of leaves
 In summertime
 Awesome silhouettes against a night light sky
 In winter
 Shining softly, swaying softly
 Filling me, moving me.

The moon and trees and darkness
 A world away, a paradise out of reach
 But in sight
 A place where attaining makes wanting
 Much the less
 Where dreams are tendered within the fire
 Of cool remoteness
 Burning me, freezing me.

--Angela Lawson

LEAD ME BACK

Take my hand
 Lead me back
 I've passed the signs
 And read them not

My quest for goods
 Surpassed my need
 To know and learn
 To share in love
 And grow in sorrow

My journey's over
 My bones will pass
 My wants
 My greeds
 Have at last
 Forever smothered
 Whatever small flame
 Within my soul
 Flickered for
 The warming glow
 Of truth and knowledge

--Patricia Ramirez Poulsen

THE LIE

Bold Treachery with evil sword
 slashed the bonds of sly Deceit
 who slithered forward to unbind
 the hands of gross Dishonesty
 which ripped brave Truth in slithered
 shreds while stifled Guilt looked on
 with horror-stricken eyes and
 Love lay dead within man's mind.

--Angela Lawson

Thinking Him the gardener, they went away.
 And so they know Him not to this very day.

* * * *

Sittin' in the library,
 Hearin' that Muscle Shoals Sound
 In the cathedral of my mind.

Watchin' all the people,
 Seein' 'em shuffle through
 With grave and secret purpose.

Feelin' kinda lonely,
 Readin' my all-knowin' book
 On the Origin of the Man.

Thinkin' kinda clearly,
 Wonderin' uneasy-like
 On the future of most mankind.

--Larry Garland

SILENT SPRING

This has been a silent spring for me.
 No flowers have bloomed--no breezes have blown--
 No kite has flapped in the wind by day.
 No rain has splashed--no birds have sung--
 No laughter has rung in the night.
 This has been a lonely spring for me.

--Larry Garland

DEDICATED TO JIM CROCE

Time in a bottle
 Is no solution
 To life eternal

For time that is bound
 Becomes confusion
 (Ticker tape unwound)

While time that is free
 Suffers diffusion
 But has quality

--Larry Garland

WINTER OAK

I

Starkly black twisting
against a drizzly
gray horizon

ice and rain on
cheek and hair

II

Crystal chandelier in the
morning sun after
the ice storm

one large shattered
limb beneath

III

Orange sky framed in
purple-gray clouds behind
heaven-bound branches

deep azure and the
Evening star overhead

--Don Burt

WINTER MINSTREL

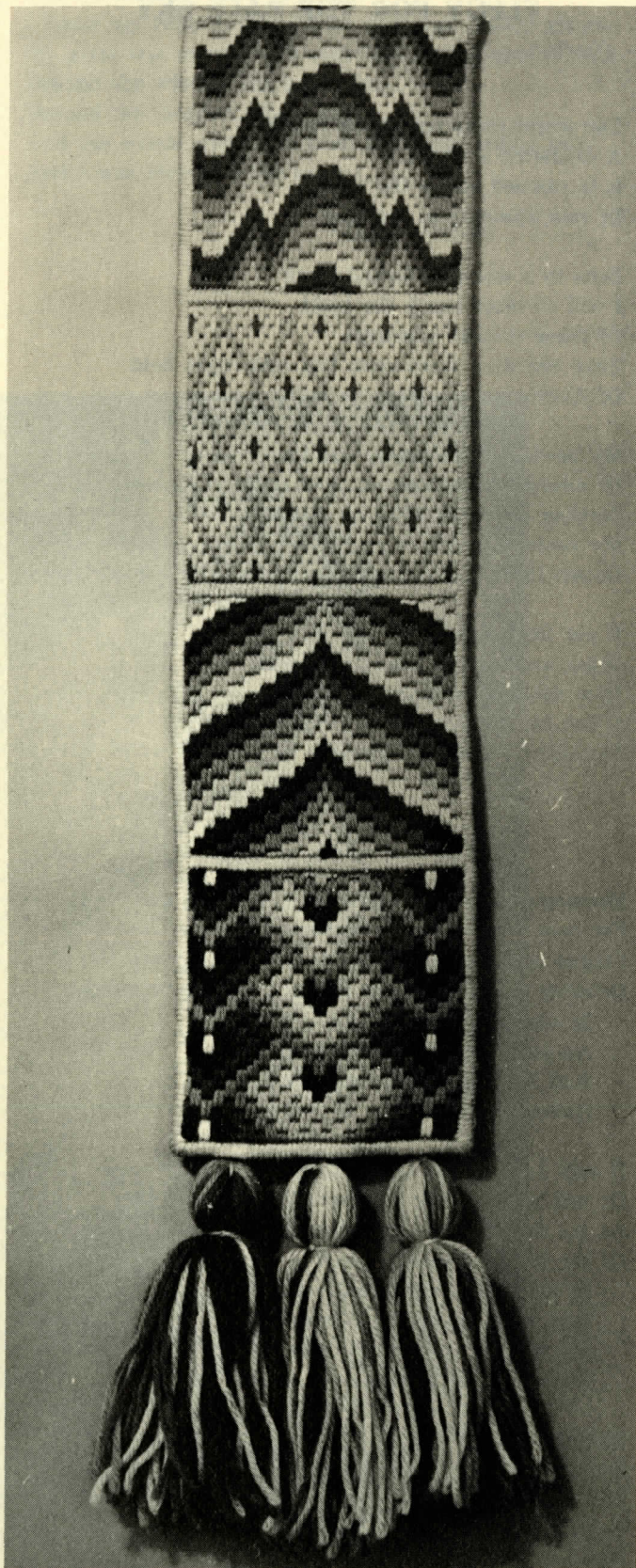
He contorts the air in the dark of the moon.
The misty fog is the evil of his mind.

And he sings.
The notes are pointed and oh, how they pierce!
They fly at you like the wind.
They pierce your raiment, your skin, your mind.
Yes! They puncture your Mind!
They probe. They find. They anesthetize resistance.

But the pain is excruciating, so you surrender.
You yield to the cold.

He produces a pipe and proceeds to play.
And you follow him away.
(He contorts both mind and body by the dark of the moon.)
--Larry Garland

THIRD PLACE CRAFTS "Crewel Weaving"



Caudill Weaver

by J. Daniel Byford

ELEGY FOR THE PALE SKY

The world rocks round and round:
A cradle on a wheel.
It is yawned across the lawn
In vain attempts at morning.

Born to a world of turned earth
I will no more break the mold
Of these circular mornings
Than hoe deep faces upon this cold, tight field
Of Alabama sky midwinter rising.

My heritage is of burlap and loose twine,
Of weary wagons and snapped reins, of curses
Settling their dim lethargy in low red mud.
My yesterdays are of gray faced people, of feet
Grown thick in summer's log-snaked path paling yellow.

If not for harnesses
What would guide the loose world?
How would slow morning break?--
If not for the fast flecks, the instant,
Primal brains of slim kindling bursting.

I

Morning's memory is but a blade growing dull--
For once I plainly saw the purple horizon
Staged upon the many worlds like honeysuckle
Growing strong and wild upon a high-boned terrace.

It was a play of plentitude;
An act of celestial rhythm.
And I was caught upon its fire--
Hollow, spitted, eaten by wind.

If only I had heard the mean brains of scarecrows,
Or soft sighs of thin blackbirds flittering away
At my flung rocks. Who can say of garden spiders,
Of the broken fingers of barked squirrels jerking,
Of spasmodic, cold black racers? --
And what pale sky will ever tell you?
My wisdom is of rusted rakes--
Shorn handles in careless corners.

Hardship closed in like wrinkles in my father's brow;
As close as the snow-gravelled grave or debtor's pen.
The life we ate became scarce as midday plates;
As chill and dreamed inside as a high steam whistle
Echoing from flat-faced grins of
Kicked cans passed across yellow grass.
My wisdom is of broken things--
Frigid cowbells in December.

Upon the whirlwild corn in the Valley black belt
I slew a sky-driven virgin each sweat-stewed day
And came upon the vision of the solid man
As chopper of strong wood, drinker of black coffee.

I came upon me as shadows;
As a fleeing creature of fogs--
A slim-winged stranger to hard fields
Aching for sleek air and new marsh.

I spiralled upon the world as a lost magnet,
I fell from the sky as a prism raindrop;
Witnessed in the beauty of beginnings
Seared strides of soft destruction cooling.

II

Through lame wind and the final rain;
Through laughs which fled the aproned dawn;
I was bees in busy weather, ants involved in heather.
I kept my sudden head above the amber tassels;
I kept my soul for next Sunday
And my money in a tin box.

Pale Sky, I loved you like a hungry cup!--
Hung cold and slim upon a dim brown nail.
I ached for your liquid, your elder brains;
I longed for your simple, constant colors.
I settled for spare wind through careless cracks
Moving me about my slight position;
Contented myself with wry dips into
Tight iron water of a dreamy bucket.

You saw me as a star-spit seed cast upon the frosty ground;
You saw me as a low bound weed about the kitchen table.

How can I climb the spinning stair?
In leaden shoes, dictated hooves?
I was created with baling wire, with garment scissors;
I was made with beeswax, cottonseed, and three-leaf clover.
You roll me like an unrimmed wheel!--
An unshod circle with loose spokes.

The fields!-- I am drawn to the burning fields
Like Prufrock to the sea, his britches rolled.
Upon this howling song of land I reel,
Dancing to the hand of a drunk fiddler.
I shall laugh the long, hollow laugh again,
My only comfort--the open window.
I must weep for the motherless infants,
And wail for the speechless children staring.

The honeysuckle, tramped beneath asphalt feet, speaks to me;
The honeysuckle and I will soon disembark together.

O give us to the low red mud--
Send us past the long horizon;

Cover us with sweet morning's flood--
Revolve us slowly 'til we're done.

A school wagon lumbers softly down the road
Conveying its dim load of dark children;
The wind that rocks about my door
Whispers closer things than winter.

Country Rain: Today The Rain Came Down

The world began early this day.
I found my room all filled with dark and muddy gloom.
My glass was strung with countless little globes of rain.
Beyond the window lay a meadow,
Beyond the meadow, the woods.
And the woods were blue from the misty falling rain.
And I was blue--just the same.

--Larry Garland

FIRST PLACE PRINTMAKING "The Secret"



Dave Davis

LIFE BEGAN

Until we were one
Hours of emptiness
Seemed full
Hollow laughter
Rang true
Intellectual discussions
With mechanical people
Now reek of decay
Could I go on
Without you?
Has your love
Driven me on
To greater achievements
With no turning back?
Was it innocence
Or merely ignorance
That once led me to believe
I was happy then?

-- Patricia Ramirez Poulsen

SECRETS

Hush!
The voices warn
He musn't know
For to bare your soul
Would bring more despair
There'd be no defenses
No masks to shield you
Then he would know
How much more he could hurt you
He'd laugh with spite
At all that you'd say
He'd shatter fragile dreams
And perfect worlds
Tucked safely away in the caves
In your mind
Forever!
Keep your secrets safe from
All beasts
Death will come soon
And break all the bonds
Free spirits will roam
In a land without sorrow
To act out the plays
Tucked safely away
In dark caves

--Patricia Ramirez Poulsen

TATTERED

The empty hours
So many faces
Lips that feel cold
Rough hands
Always grabbing
Where am I going?
Where have I been?
Where do I stop?
Where did I start?
Why me?
My life wasn't asked for

Long forgotten
Are the memories
Of smiles and
Heartfelt laughter
So many years
Of a dark
Empty
Soul

I stare in the mirror
What do I see?
An empty reflection
Of youth gone asunder
I grab for the past
But my fingers are empty

To die -
Would it cause much disaster?
I call out
No one hears
I cry
No one cares

Painted cheeks
Dark blue eyelids
Hurry!
Paste on your smile
You can't disappoint them

--Patricia Ramirez Poulsen

BLITZ BLIZZARD

Poking, stoking, choking . . . the fire-fly fire--
Calling, calling, falling . . . deeper into Death's dark doom--
Sighing, dying, flying . . . up through blue blazing blossoms--
Groping, hoping, coping . . . slowly, quietly, quietly
mending, descending, blending

--Larry Garland

POEMS TO POETS

by Lydia Webb

"DEAR EMILY:"

Dear Emily:

I received your letter today.
It came to me by way of a Contemporary
Poetry textbook, page thirty-eight.
Thanks for writing.

Love,
Lydia

P. S. Just thought I'd
let you know
that your Message
rings clear and
loud and true--
And I not
only judge tenderly,
but lovingly, of
You.

e. e. and i

e. e. and i
sat on burnt stump tree
talking, laughing till
skies blue ran out our eyes.
sun west set
shadows evening cast
moon east rose
home we went last

e. e. and i
next day log seat
cussed, discussed when
clouds white came out our ears.
fog in set
stars up high
love made we
said we goodbye.

e. e. and i we think foolish words are (times at).
symbols words are, communications no (timesome).
conclusion come we to:

Golden
Is
Silence.

TO BOB, WITH LOVE

Would you let me be your girl from the South Country?

May I lay across your big brass bed--
And look out on the Nashville Skyline
While you sing "Just Like A Woman" softly
In my ears?

I'd almost be willing to give up my Southern virginity
Just to hear you play harmonica for five minutes.
(But please don't let on that you knew me well--
Because all I really want to do is be friends with you.)

While you strum guitar, I'll lay back on the pillow
And leave all my SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES far
behind.

While Hendrix is in the basement, fixin' up the medicine
And all along the watchtower, the wildcat prowls.

They say you used to hang out a lot around Greenwich Village.
And you even came to Muscle Shoals once.
Sometimes I wonder -- how could a "loner" such as you be the
Spokesman for my generation? And the poet laureate of our
era.

I guess the answer is just blowin' in the wind.

Pardon me if I'm sentimental.
Please forgive me should I cry.
Now and then, there is a fool such as I.
(I wondered why you changed your name to Dylan.
But I never did like Zimmerman much myself!
You can just call me Peggy Day).

IN ALMOSTWINTER

A frosty night in Almostwinter
Men shivered in their beds
Dark is the darkest before the dawn
Ang Shus said to his wife named Feer

One nearly ventured from under his quilts
But the room was too dark for him to see
The floor so cold he dared not walk
So he crawled back in and covered his head

Eagerhope woke and called to his kin
They like the rest chose the comfort of sleep
Undaunted he rose to look out through windows
And he alone saw the advent of the sun

--Don Burt

AMERICAN DREAM?

How can you do it?
Talk mean and ugly?
Others adore me
Why can't you?
Once Homecoming Queen
With a Colgate smile
You Hero,
Rough yet so tender
You can't walk out
We're the American Dream
How can you want her?
She's not even pretty
How will I face them
My mother
My friends?
How can one shatter
The American Dream?

--Patricia Ramirez Poulsen

UNTITLED

front step sittin' down from knowledge storehouse
 wishin' my girl home
across from the park where boys
 are gay

horns blow,
 wave,
 and soak in that religious energy . . .

fat man waddles past,
 child in hand,
 back from returning wisdom
funny gait continued while waving at passersby . . .

community strolls slowly
 lost large city madness
reckoning progress slowly
 like old men step-sittin' on a summers day.

--Doug Mokaren

PROPHECY

Creation
Evolution
Pollution
Conclusion

--Larry Garland

SONNET OF LOVE

Love cannot be found
in any other way,
but through the accepting of the Lamb
who died at Calvary.
God gave His only Son
for sinners such as I,
but many do not come
for they're afraid to die,
To die unto their selfish lust
and trust in one who saves
They cannot comprehend the joy of trust
It seems to them a waste.
My sweet Jesus' love is something ne'r to forget
After knowing me for who I am He even loves me yet.

--Marcia Cash

THE WAY THAT WE WERE MEANT TO BE

Sunsets shine on golden leaves; the cool is in the air,
And people look with scorn.
Yet eventhough I bundle up and shiver in a breeze,
I know the wrongs of discontent
For this season's meant to be.

We often try to work against the ways of things we disapprove.
Against the cold we build our house or huddle under wool.
We work so hard at comforts while spirit overlook.
I know the wrongs of misconception;
The soul was meant to be.

And me, I want to know the cold of winter, the fall of leaves,
And in summer drench in hot, while spring will bring me green.
I want to meet the seasons and bear their tales of life.
I want to be a part of time
For this was meant to be.

Of God I need to ever learn;
He's given me sense to seek right from wrong.
I'll turn away from ways of life that God cannot accept
For I'm a part of Him, and He's a part of me.
That's the way that we were meant to be.

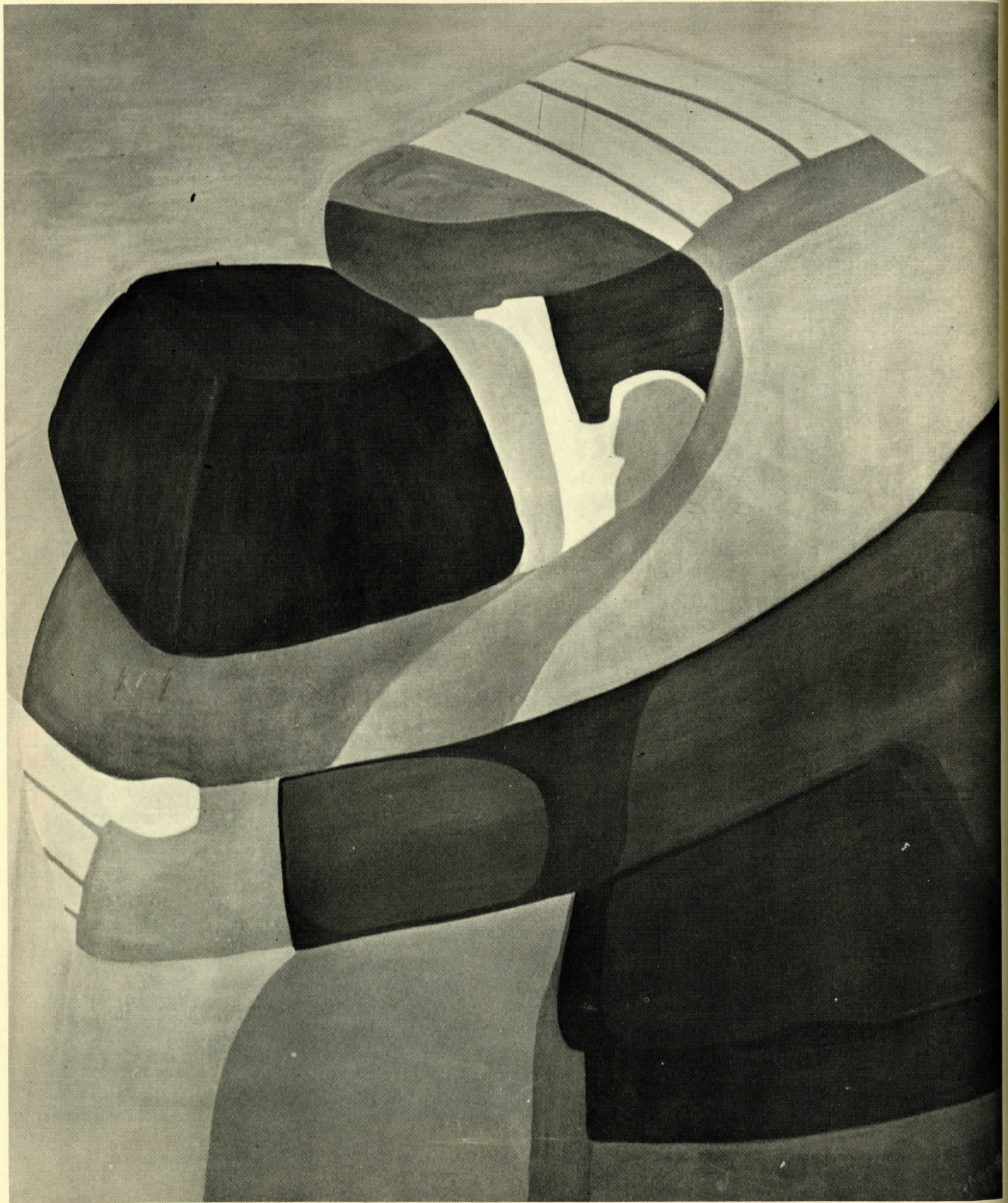
--Tom Harrison

FIRST PLACE DESIGN AWARD
Chair "If You Dare"



Dave Davis

"TWO"



Elaine Rogers

DOODLE BUG

by Lydia Webb

Mother said that Uncle Jack tried to kill himself once. One night after supper, about dusk, Jack said, "Hey, Paw, I'm gonna go out and feed the hogs. They ain't had nuthin' all day long. They's hungree." So Jack shut the screen door with a bang and took off down the back steps. Everybody in the family assumed he was headed for the barn to get a bucketful of corn to pour into the pig pen. But Jack had spied Joseph MacDonald Moore's (Paw's) shotgun leaning up against the back porch. Nobody knows what was going through Jack's head at the time, but he picked up the shotgun and carried it with him to the barn.

After thirty minutes had passed, and Jack still hadn't come back to the house, Paw began to wonder. He pulled his chair out from the table, stretched his long arms, yawned, and said, "Well, ya'll, I'm going out 'n see what that Jack's up to." Paw found Jack all sprawled out next to the barn, his face halfway buried in the white, sandy soil. Paw's shotgun was lying next to Jack, and at first, Paw figured that Jack was just playing with the gun. The safety was still on. As Paw was feeling and looking around for wounds, Jack slowly raised his head. Paw said, "Hey, boy, what's the matter with you? You been playing with this thang? Don't you know guns are dangerous?" Uncle Jack slowly rose to his feet and said, "Paw, I fainted. The gun didn't go off. Damn it, the gun didn't go off!"

Uncle Jack was 25 years old at the time he tried to commit suicide. The family had him sent to the state mental hospital following the incident. Everybody knew he was really trying to kill himself. Mother told me Uncle Jack "wasn't right," that he could never learn like the other children did in school. There were eleven children in the Moore family-- eight girls and three boys. And when one of the boys "acts strange" in such a large family with so many girls, it is very noticeable.

Uncle Jack's suicide attempt happened before I was born. He stayed in the mental hospital for a few years, then came back to live at home in Elba, Alabama. Before Grandmother and Granddaddy Moore died, our family went to see them and our other relatives in Elba, usually once a year. It was a long trip from North to South Alabama. Our home is fifty miles north of Birmingham, and Elba is about 100 miles south of Montgomery. It was a hard, tiring trip before the interstates were completed. But, for me, as a child, it was never boring. The trip to South Alabama was like seeing a "different world"; there is so much difference between the two sections of the state. The land in South Alabama is flat; the earth is red clay or white, sandy soil; cotton, corn, and peanuts are grown there; kudzu runs wild everywhere. Grandmother's house (where my mother grew up) was out in the country, where the air was so still and hot in the summertime, it was stifling. Sometimes the only sounds to be heard there were helicopters flying overhead from nearby Fort Rucker. On the trips down to Elba, I remember seeing Negroes sitting out on porches in front of dilapidated shacks; huge cattle ranches near Montgomery; and "WALLACE FOR GOVERNOR" billboards along the highway.

On most of the trips, we pulled into Grandmother's yard after the sun had gone down. Sometimes it was as late as 9:00 or 10:00 at night when we reached Elba. The house was dark;

Grandmother, Granddaddy, and Uncle Jack were asleep. But they woke up when Mother knocked on the side door and called out, "Momma! It's Gladys!" If the door was unlocked, we (all seven of us) walked on into the house. We went into Grandmother and Granddaddy's room; they turned on the light over their bed, hugged us, etc. Then, my brother, sisters, and I would go say hello to Uncle Jack. He'd sit up on the side of the bed, turn on the overhead light (the kind with a chain) in his bedroom. Uncle Jack didn't normally kiss us in greeting, but he always smiled sweetly, despite the fact that his teeth were rotten. Uncle Jack would say to us, "Howdee!" Then, he'd stop and look at each one of us individually. He'd smile again, with a friendly look on his face, and a faint twinkle in his eyes. He said, "Ya'll chilluns lookin' good, lookin' good!" Then he would turn to me and ask, "Now, which one' you--Sharon or Carol?" Stifling a giggle, I'd answer, "No, I'm Lydia!" Uncle Jack always got his nieces, nephews, and other relatives mixed up. He remembered names, but got the faces confused. My father's name is Dwight, but Uncle Jack usually called him Richard or Bill, other brothers-in-law. Whenever Daddy came into the room, Jack would say, "Well, hello, Richard! Did ya'll have a good trip?" Then, Uncle Jack always asked my father: "You ever see Big Jim Folsom up there in Cullman? He's a fine guvnah, a fine guvnah!" ("Big Jim" Folsom is originally from Elba, was elected governor of Alabama twice, and now lives in Cullman.) Daddy said that Uncle Jack wasn't too bright, otherwise, but he knew the number of every major and minor highway in the South, all the truck stops along the way, and the names of every crosstown junction in Alabama. But Uncle Jack still thought the "guvnah" was "Big Jim" Folsom.

Uncle Jack's room was drab and bare. The only thing interesting about it was the light bulb hanging down from the ceiling, with mosquitoes and moths flying around it at night. There was a bed with an iron headboard, a small window, a small closet, and a few clothes hanging on wall hooks. Uncle Jack wore rather drab clothes: either khaki pants with a khaki shirt, or grey pants and grey shirt. He was partially bald, with greying hair. He had a long nose, long face, and grey eyes. He was of medium build and height. At Grandmother's house, he just ate and slept. Since he had some type of stomach trouble, just about all he could eat were bananas, milk, and oatmeal. In the kitchen, he'd sit on a stool at the table with a bowl of oatmeal, slapping it up to his mouth with a spoon. At mealtime, he rarely said anything; just an occasional grunt to indicate he was content.

We children knew something was wrong with Uncle Jack. We knew he "wasn't right," as Mother said. He wasn't like the other adults we'd been around. In fact, we could identify Jack as "one of us," as one of the children, rather than a grown-up or an uncle. I just thought of Uncle Jack as Mother's brother; a man who'd never married; a stranger in an old house, having grown up in poverty as Mother had. Jack was a man who seemed not to be aware of the world around him. It was this unawareness, this naivete, a dullness that separated him from

other adults. He was like an innocent child in some ways. He'd chase us sometimes with a fly swatter, playfully spanking us if he caught up. Playing peek-a-boo with his baby nieces and nephews, he seemed to enjoy the "surprise" of peeking as much as the baby would--he'd have such a grin on his face. One day, one of my sisters and I were playing dolls out in the barn. Uncle Jack strolled out there, said, "Howdee! Let me shows you somethin'." Then he crouched on the ground beside us, picked up a straw stick, and poked it into a small, sunken place in the dirt. He turned the stick around and around, while saying: "Doodle bug, doodle bug, you go so slow. Doodle bug, doodle bug, come out of ye hole!" Then out would come crawling a little bug from the sand. Ever since Jack taught us that little game, we'd play it every summer at Grandmother's house. We'd find little "doodle bug holes" around the barn and drive them out of their sandy homes with a stick. The "winner of the day" was the one who found the most "doodle bug holes."

Uncle Jack was not completely an "unproductive member of society." He more or less supported himself financially, buying his own clothes (which he wore year after year), his own food (milk, oatmeal, and bananas), etc. For several years, Uncle Jack worked at Sessions peanut butter factory in Enterprise, Alabama, where a monument has been erected to the bollweevil pest. Uncle Jack also drove a diesel truck for a company out of Dothan. Some of my cousins claimed he had saved up \$6,000 from his job, and had the money stashed away somewhere. (We all figured he stuck it under his mattress.) One afternoon, Daddy discovered four brand new truck tires out in the barn. Uncle Jack would not comment on them, but Daddy guessed that Uncle Jack dreamed of owning his own diesel someday, and putting the new tires on it, whenever he bought the truck. However, Uncle Jack had an accident one day on the job, which "set him back" both physically and mentally. He was loading a bale of cotton onto a company truck one morning, and the bale fell on top of him, breaking his hip. He had to be hospitalized for a few months, to treat the damaged hip. Then, Uncle Jack was returned once again to the state mental hospital, when he started thinking that the FBI was "after him" and that they were taking pictures of him with a camera inside his electric shaver. Jack remained there up until a few years ago.

When Grandmother Moore died, the old house was vacated. Her children, following the funeral, got together to decide what to do about the house and property. The house was large, but old and in bad condition. The land surrounding it has been worn out by too much cotton and too little rain. However, the house was sold to a family, and the place was more or less forgotten about.

Uncle Jack did not seem happy at the state hospital, so the children (his brothers and sisters) decided that they would take turns keeping him in their homes until a permanent, satisfactory place for him could be found. Uncle Jack stayed at our house for three weeks one summer. He lay in the "easy chair" all day long, listening to country music on the radio, and talking to himself. Mother finally had to remind him, after a week, that he needed a bath. Once every day, he'd walk away from the house with his slow, leisurely stroll, and a toothless grin on his face, like a child going after ice cream. After three weeks of visiting with us, Uncle Jack went to stay with his sister's family in Birmingham. Aunt Jean and Uncle Richard came to pick him up one Saturday afternoon. Mother gathered up his few possessions, and put them in a small suitcase. Then we wished him farewell, and he walked out the door with Mother, who walked him to the car. As Uncle Jack laboriously got himself into their Volkswagen, I watched him from the kitchen window. Suddenly, feelings of pity and compassion

filled my heart as I watched the poor man, a person nobody really wanted. Tears came into my eyes; I felt such sorrow for Uncle Jack and his empty life and his mental illness. He was not only a person stricken with a mental illness, but also the product of a poor and deprived background.

As I stood there at the window that day, I thought to myself that Uncle Jack was like the doodle bug, deep in a sandy and lifeless soil, a creature poked out, only to return again. I'll never forget Uncle Jack and the doodle bug for as long as I live.

SOLITUDE

Alone I sat yet not alone,
Unburdened for a brief respite
From reaching out to understand.
Within myself I was, but not
Attached to things without,
Lonely, but not afraid.

Moments of nothingness prevailed,
No high, no low, no in-between insanity,
Just feeling where nothing cried to be felt,
Just seeing where nothing blurred my vision.

Undone, the moment now is slipping.
These words have brought the world back slowly.
I stand now on the outside looking in,
Alone with myself no more.

--Angela Lawson

SATURDAY PRIEST

Play the tune again old man,
Make the monkey dance
For eyes are bleeding birthday bliss,
Oh how the horses dance!

Play the tune again old man,
And make a cup of dimes
For chords alone won't thrill them all;
Insure of good the times.

Play the tune again old man
Perform the playday priest.
Accept their tithes of yestermore
Lend more to those of least.

Play the tune again old man,
And send them home for rest
As morning is the day to give
They must be full of zest.

--Susan C. French

PERFORMER

Clownsome face of latent gypsy song
Take a bow, for they expect it,
Don't you know?
Take the pleats back and go into their faces.
Yes it's okay, one last time-
They won't see you.
For they have you
Laughing deep inside them.
They need you no more.
Don't you know?

--Susan C. French

NIGHT REMEMBERED

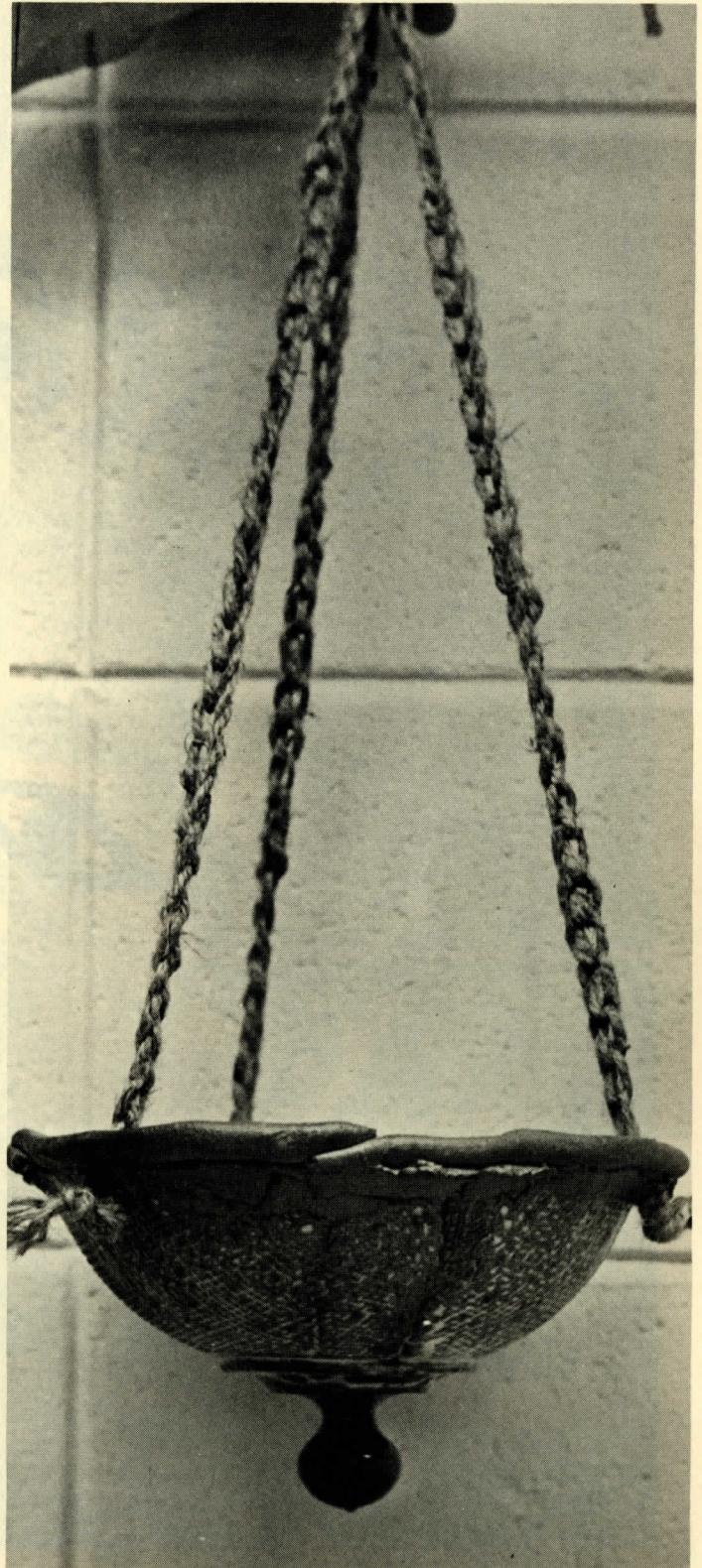
Night waters glimmer under that distant disk.
The ripple of the water dances in the darkness,
With the wind as a partner.

The noises of the night are like the wings of birds in flight,
For the flutter is loud or low or not at all;
And the sound-like the scene-I've not forgotten.

--Larry Garland

SECOND CERAMICS AWARD

"Hanging Basket"



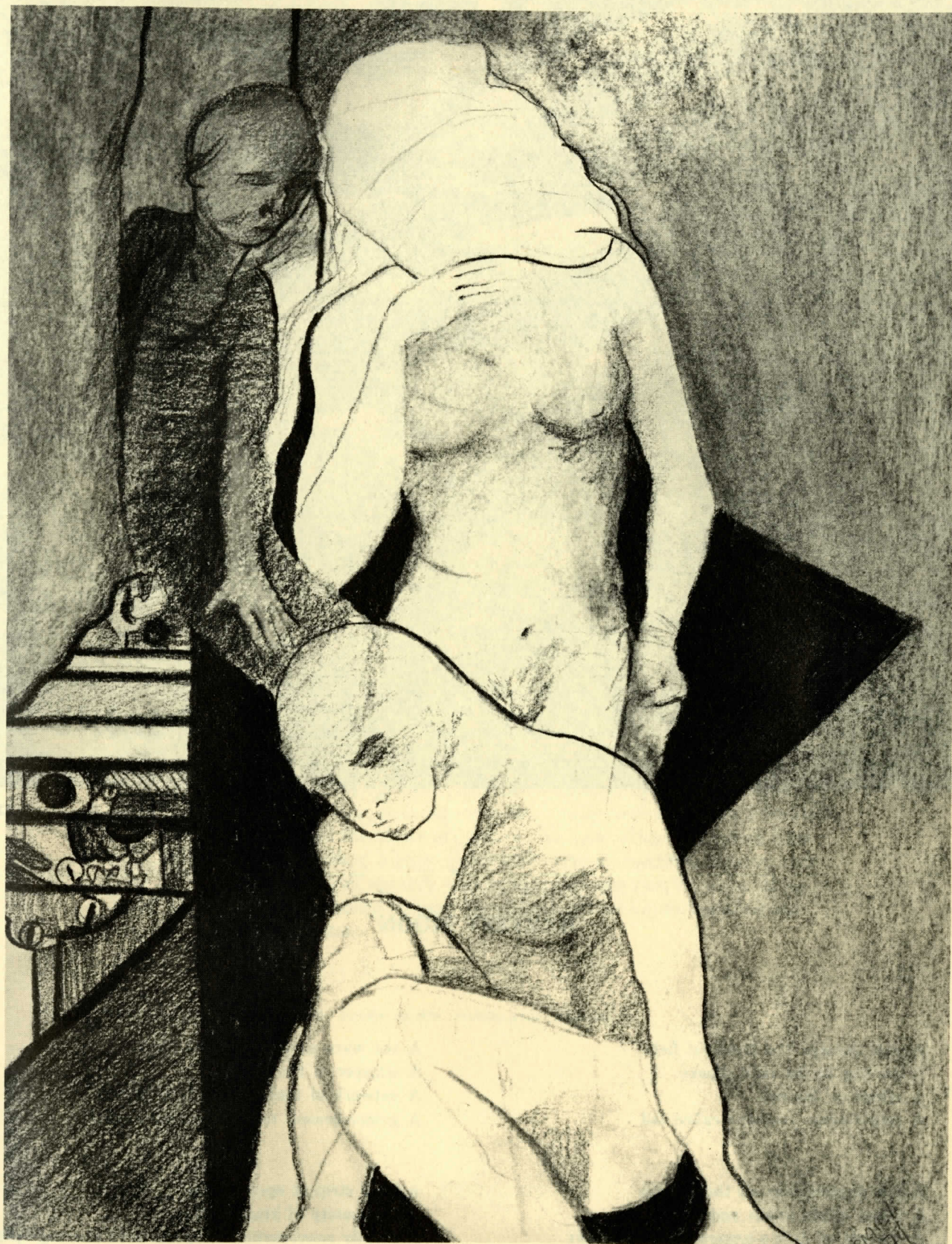
Lou Ellis

SECOND CRAFTS AWARD
"Collage"



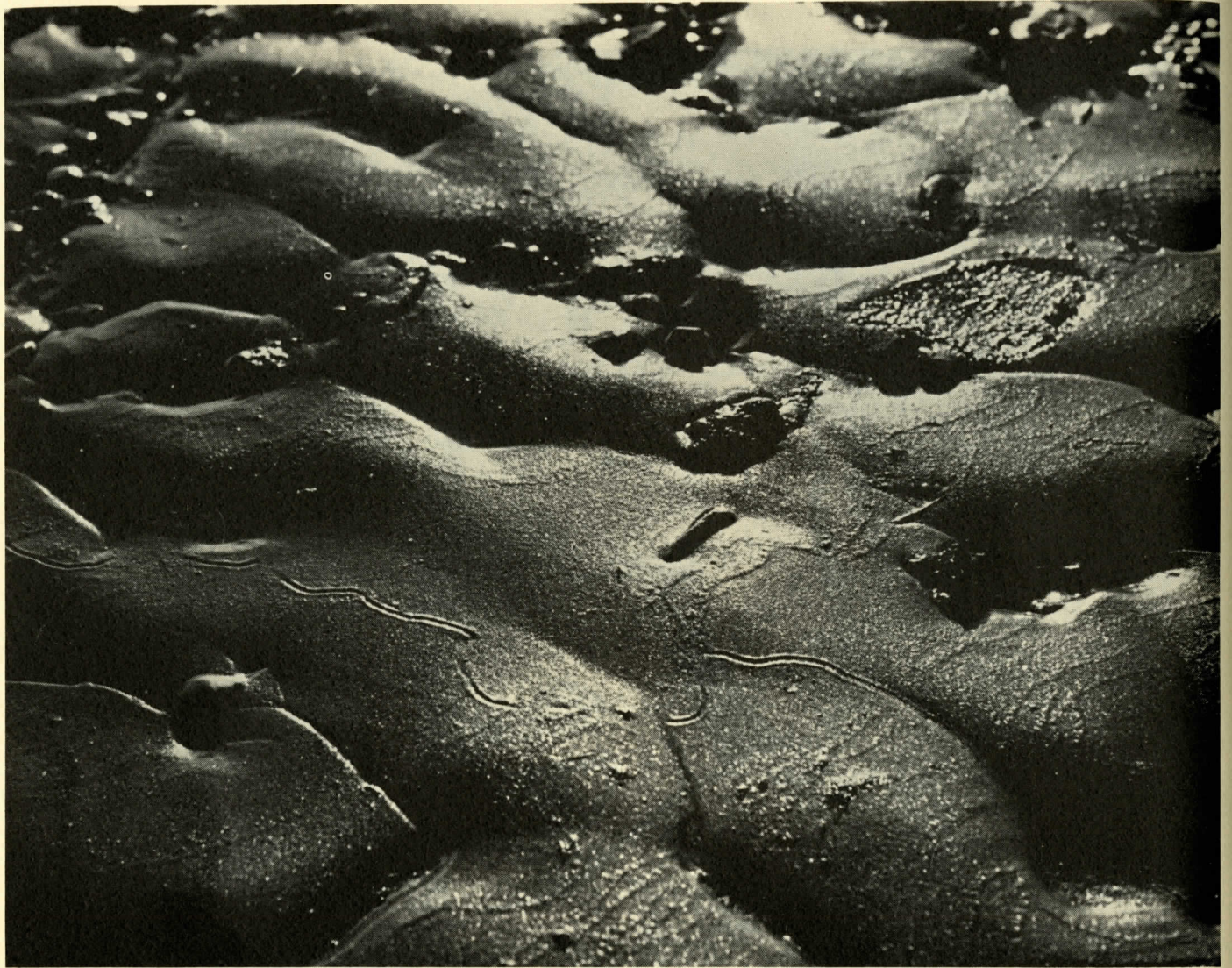
Elaine Rogers

THIRD DRAWING AWARD
"Leafy Tree"



Emily Edwards

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD
"Sand"



Wendy Van Pelt

HARVEST MOON

A chill through the fresh-cut field
A rustling in the corn shocks
A rabbit on the run
A yellow-grey, year-day called fall

A pile of pumpkins on the ground
A vision of pie sweet and warm
A thought of Jack-o-lantern burning bright
A red-orange, copper coin garden gone

A sea wave across the wheat field
A whisper in the wind
A network of trails for rabbits, birds
A golden-brown, toned down mini-world

A little strip of open woods
A community of kingly oaks
A courtly conversation complete with choreography
A splashed on, earth tone land of lively color

--Larry Garland

FIRST LETTERING AWARD

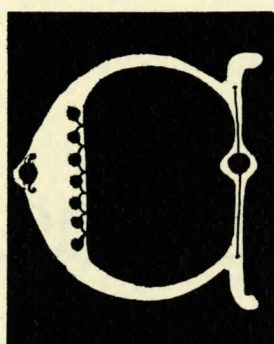
"Laughter"

Laughter is my secret of successful living. Plain and simple laughter. I have seen so many men and women worry their way through life. Everything was a problem to them. And each problem was more difficult than the last. I do not understand how such people can be happy. Life is serious sometimes, but it is always rather amusing. And when I think of the amusing things that have happened to me in my lifetime, I have to laugh. The best way I know to sum up my feelings about life and laughter is a poem. I do not know who wrote it, but it says everything I want to say about looking at things lightly:

Now do I know that my youth is all spent? Well, my get-up-and-go has got up and went. But in spite of it all I am able to grin when I think of the places my get up has been. "Old age is golden," as I've heard it said, but sometimes I wonder when I get into bed, with my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup, my eyes on the table until I wake up. Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself; Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf? And I'm happy to say as I close my door. My friends are the same or perhaps even more. When I was young my slippers were red. I could kick up my heels right over my head. When I grew older my slippers were blue, but still I could dance the whole night through. Now that I'm old my slippers are black; I walk to the store and put my way back. The reason I know that my youth is all spent, my get-up-and-go has got up and went. But I really don't mind when I think with a grin of all the places my get-up has been. Since I've retired from life's competition, I busy myself with complete repetition. I get up each morning, dust off my wits, pick up my paper and read the obits. If my name is still missing, I know I'm not dead, so I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed...

POEM BY HAROLD KREBBS LETTERED BY BETH ELLIS OCTOBER 30, 1973 FLORENCE STATE UNIVERSITY

Beth Ellis



louds are not the cheeks of angels you know; they're only clouds. Friendly sometimes, but you can never be sure. If I had longer arms I'd push the clouds away or make them hang above the water somewhere else, but I'm just a man who needs and wants mostly things he'll never have. Looking for that thing that's hardest to find- I've been going a long time now; along the way I've learned some things. You have to make the good times yourself, take the little times and make them into big times, and save the times that are all right for the ones that aren't so good. I've never been able to push the clouds away by myself. Help me. Please.

LOU ELLIS APRIL 1972

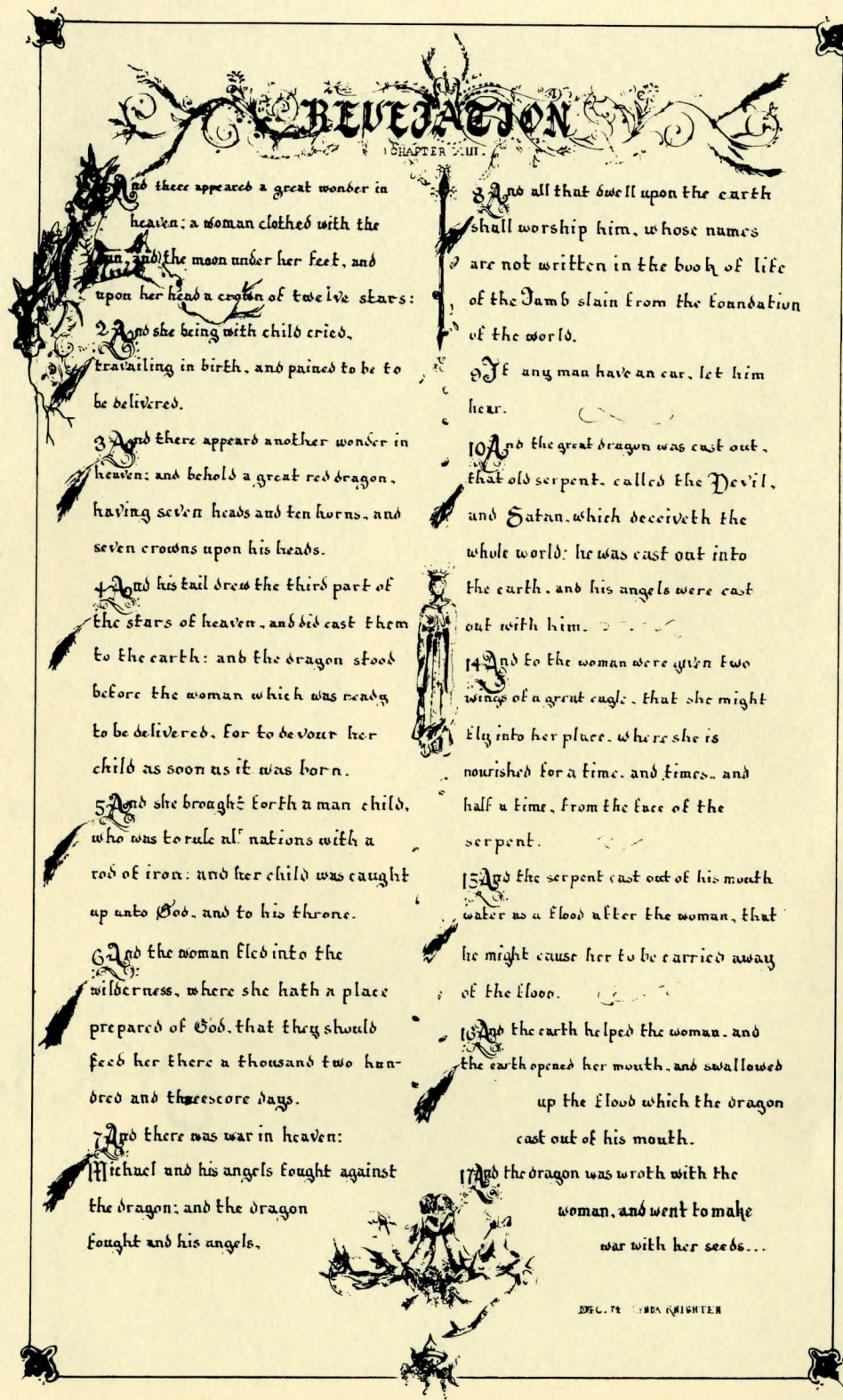
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Lou Ellis

THIRD LETTERING AWARD
"Revelation"



1 And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars:

2 And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be to be delivered.

3 And there appeared another wonder in heaven: and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads.

4 And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth: and the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born.

5 And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron: and her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne.

6 And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days.

7 And there was war in heaven:

Michael and his angels fought against the dragon: and the dragon fought and his angels.

8 And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

9 If any man have an ear, let him hear.

10 And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

11 And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.

12 And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood.

13 And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth.

14 And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with her seeds...

DEL. BY LYNDY KNIGHTEN

HONORABLE MENTION: POETRY

SIMILARITIES

PEONIES

by Dennis Rudd

Seas without inlets,
Continents without shores
Embracing, receding
Upon an ebullient sphere
Lost in the void.

Stars without number,
Worlds without names
Whirling and spinning
Inside the celestial dome
Of an invisible sky.

When will the hairy hand
Withdraw the dying flowers
From the crystal vase?
Will they be reflected or refracted
Or absorbed
Fragmenting the mirrored ball?
What is the sound that light makes
Traveling through the darkest space?

OBLITERATION

I sit waiting;
weighted
by an immeasurable darkness
which seems nearer
drawn much nearer
than ever before.

To sit waiting
is not so bad.
I've waited all my life
to be sure
of the feel of it.

Nor is the weight
of the vast darkness
entirely new to my experience;
for it has been here always
--only now, being so close,
the feel of it makes me less sure.

Of the waiting,
I have been sure;
Of the weight and encroaching darkness,
I am frightened and attracted
--afraid to see yet wanting to know.

Wait--weighted.
Weighted--waiting.
I long to run
headstrong into the void
which is my pain,
and be born anew.

--Dennis Rudd

Alone,

In a solitude of my own creation
--Though there be others around me--
I listen to the same music
That has fallen upon my ears too often.

Alone,

In a solitude I have fashioned
--Though a crowd has gathered now--
I hear a melody new to my ears;
One so lovely that I must find its source.

The mob, moving continuously past my being,
Knocking me from left to right,
Bellowing their old dirge,
Escape without being heard.

Only of this beautiful, and moving melody
Am I conscious;
With its notes pouring into my heart,
And leading me towards its creator.

Alone,

In a solitude of my making,
--Though a few are still here--
I wonder if perhaps that lovely melody
Was just a variation of an old theme.

--Dennis Rudd

BACKWARD GLANCE

It's not the same
Little girl gone
Tall proud oaks
Long ago consumed
By some stranger's fire
Flowers have wilted
Paint's faded out
All that remains
Are memories
Especially of
Her smile

I long to return
To the warmth of the love
That once filled my home
It's never to be
It's now part of my past
But here in my arms
Lies my future - my son -
And all I can ask is
Will he remember
My smile?

-- Patricia Ramirez Poulsen

SECOND PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD
"Auto-Portraiture No. 2"



T. P. Greer